

OCT 21  
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# &amp

LUXURY PERIODICAL™  
CURSED EDITION



exorbitant  
**SPOOKS**

# by Anonymous

zombie  
down

kitty  
skeleton

pumpkin pirate

princess  
witch

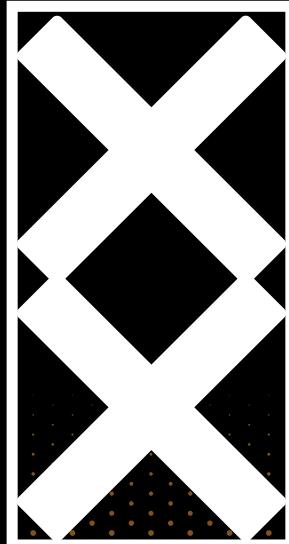
mummy  
werewolf

ghost  
fireman

&amp



A black silhouette of a cat is sitting on a large, bright orange sun against a black background. The sun has a textured, cloudy appearance. Above the sun, the words "THE TABLE..." are written in a large, white, jagged font. Below the sun, the words "...OF CONSEQUENCES!" are written in a large, white, jagged font. The overall image has a high-contrast, graphic look.



# 4SPO0PY20ME\_

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10 **Cursed Treas**  
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14 *Untitled*  
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20 **A Eulogy for the V**  
21 by James Wins.  
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# & Issue Ten

2021

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My esteemed Marlowe,

I hope my letter finds you in good health. Great congratulations are in order on your recent appointment, and I could not be more proud of you. The work you are doing is important, and I hope to see the latest fruits of your efforts soon. I have been meaning to set aside a few hours for you, but my temperament as of late cannot be considered to be eucrasic by any metric, and a good doctor would notice quite quickly the overproduction of black bile my spleen has been conducting. No more excuses though my dear friend; I should have returned your correspondence sooner. My own tidings cannot be quite the same as those that you have given me. I have been wanting for sleep since my experience several weeks ago, and I feel that I must now tell someone what has happened to me. Please, my good sir, I do not expect the anonymous listener to take this story for any more than a wild drunken tale—but in you I hope to find belief! What I am about to relate happened to me in the exact way mentioned thus. It is a verity I stake my honor on, though I almost at first did not believe it myself. Beware, my good friend, of All Hallows' Eve!

I had been in the village doing my research for some time, and I had been fain to take myself on long afternoon walks through the nearby woods. I had followed a few trails and made a couple of my own, witnessing for myself the natural beauty of the country. In the summer months I had no difficulty in returning well before twilight, but as autumn had come with winter soon to follow, the sun could no longer be counted on to remain so late in the evening, and I allowed myself to remain in those woods even until just after he had departed. Saints' Day was approaching, and as I escorted my ashplant towards the entrance of the forest to walk off one of the spiciest meals I had eaten in some time, I was stopped by an older woman who begged me stay in the village that evening. She warned me of spirits but I simply brushed her aside—the villagers believed that there was something that existed in the forest, something ominous. They had known of this darkness for quite some time, and though I will admit that while there was something slightly queer about the forest that I could not quite put my finger on, I had experienced nothing preternatural in all my encounters with her. As men of learning, we are not so quick to believe in the superstitions of the simpleminded, and I heeded not the warning of the old woman. That evening my walk was delayed for reasons I cannot quite remember, but I did not want to curtail my exercise, so I continued to walk into the woods until much later than I ever had before. I finally decided to work my way back home, and though there was some residual light from the sky coming down through the dark branches of the various conifers, it became increasingly difficult for me to see my way on the path. That day I had been following a path I found, and I took it all the way back to where I had left the village some few hours prior, yet when I emerged from the woods I found nothing but a barren field to greet me! Where once the mill had been was just a small bend in the stream. The speckled houses had vanished without a trace. I heard no animals lowing, nor the noise of another person. I was quite certain that I was in the same place I had been just a few hours previously, but I clearly must have been mistaken. I saw no evidence of human activity anywhere around me, and the impending darkness was troubling to say the least. The sun had set some time previously, and the sky was growing darker by the minute—I needed to make haste in my return to the village, so I led my ashplant back into the forest and began to retrace my steps to return to my bed and blanket.

Marlowe, there is nothing too queer about getting lost in the woods at night. Up to this point, something very similar might well have happened to you several times before, but past this point in my story I have trouble explaining away rationally the things that happened to me. There really is something dark in those woods that men of reason are better off leaving well alone. I had ventured deeper into the forest working backward along the path I had been following hoping to find a split that I had missed earlier that resulted in my mistaken location. I was focused closely on the path in front of me, looking neither left nor right through the trees growing darker around me, but a waxing gibbous was just starting to rise, and the light it shone aiding my vision. At some point I stopped for a rest and I noticed a faint light not too far ahead of me. I realized I must have returned somehow to the village of which I had been errant. I stepped off the path to make my way towards the light I saw, but this was the second mistake I made that night. I soon realized that I had not stumbled upon the village at all, but instead, in front of me was something that I never believed I would see with my own eyes. It might as well have been a great white unicorn wandering through the trees. The locals call them will-o'-the-wisps, something I always assumed was nothing more than a lightning bug, but I can now assure you that such a thing is very real, and not a mere insect. My intellectual curiosity of course had me follow the apparition, which led me further into the woods and towards the sound of beating drums. The spirit vanished as torchlight became visible ahead, and I kept close to the trees to avoid being spotted by what or whomever was making the noise I heard. As I came closer the image became clear, and the things I saw—my God!—still haunt the backs of my eyelids. There were two concentric circles of torches arranged in a small clearing. Large drums were played by larger men wearing black masks on the outer ring. Witches danced around the inner circle and in the center, atop a large stone slab, some sort of demon stood chanting over the entire affair. I was very frightened, and in my haste to evacuate I knocked my ashplant loudly against a fir and (this is quite embarrassing indeed) tripped and fell, uncontrollably letting out a loud groan. The chanting stopped first, and the drums soon after. A loud cry was raised and I rose to make my escape, but I was blind in one eye and I tasted metal. I wiped my eye and ran toward an outcropping just ahead. I climbed up the rocks and continued on my run; I could hear the shouts behind me getting quieter, but I was not ready to cut my pace just yet. The moon had risen quite handsomely by this point, and it gave a faint light to my feet running across the rocks. It was not light enough unfortunately, and I failed to see the cave I fell in until it was too late to avoid it.

I had been lying on the dirt floor of the cave for some time, cursing my luck and nursing my wounds, when a thick cloud covered the only light above me and my world was no longer influenced by sight. After struggling to discern my digits not more than a few inches in front of my face, I decided to close my eyes and listen to my surroundings. The demonic revelers must have returned to their black mass, and I felt quite alone in the pit. Would that my clumsy feet had not routed me from my vantage point, I still would have been lost in the woods at night, indeed, but I would have my ashplant, and the skin around my skull would be wanting laceration. No matter for now, as it was too late to change anything, so I continued to sit silently and listen. I began to notice that I was not hearing anything. The regular noise of the woods had diminished as if the Earth were holding her breath in anticipation for something to happen. I opened my eyes and realized that there was not a cloud high above me dousing the light of the moon, but something much nearer to the opening of the cave. I was in a mental state of panic that I had not ever felt so strongly, but my body was frozen and I watched myself hold my breath and silently wait for the darkness to envelop me.



I awoke to the sun poking through the window and the high pitched rill of the waxwings just outside. I began to recall the events of last night's dream before it vanished, and I instantly remembered clearly the true events of the previous night. I really did have a very large and very spicy meal, to which I quickly attributed the vivid dreams I experienced. I forwent the walk the night before on the urgings of the old woman, as I did not wish to seem insensitive or offend the villagers. I retired early, rested my ashplant against the foot of my bed and dreamed of fanciful and frightening things. This much I cogitated at first Marlowe, and yet something did not sit quite right with me. As I sat up in bed I realized that my ashplant was not in fact resting against the edge of the bed where I was sure I had left it the night before, and when I stood to look for it around the room, a splitting headache between my eyes pierced me, and when my hand returned from my forehead it was stained with blood. I have not gone back into the forest since this encounter, and upon my return to the city I may very well vow never to leave it again. I am distressed when dwelling on these thoughts, and it was very difficult to put my story down onto paper because what happened to me is now a fact known to others, and much more real than it was before. I tried to ask the villagers about the events I witnessed without giving away that I saw them myself, only pontificating on rumors I had heard, but I received no straight answer, though I feel they know much more than they allowed to let on. No man of science should ever utter something so blasphemous, and I used to scoff at anyone that previously relayed this to me, but I am now afraid of the dark.

Your devoted friend,

M---



REJECT THE SPECTACLE  
SAVE YOUR SOUL  
ETERNITY IS AT STAKE  
NOW AND FOREVER  
THE MASSES STAY BLIND  
REMAIN UNTHINKING, UNQUESTIONING  
SLAVES TO THE SPECTACLE  
SOULS WITHERED BEYOND RECOGNITION  
OF THE PRIMORDIAL, PRIMITIVE SPIRIT

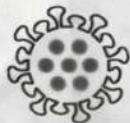
BITTER BROWN PELLETS  
COMBINE WITH BOILING FLUID  
CONSUME, CONSUME, EJECT

SERENELY IGNORING ALL BUT JOY  
ALL BUT PLEASURE  
ALL BUT DECADENCE



# Let's all stay safe

Wearing a face covering in-store is mandatory. Please refer to the latest government advice for exemptions.



Please avoid entering the store if you have Covid 19 Symptoms.



Please respect our social distancing policy in store and outside.



When queuing please wait patiently and try not to block the pavement.



Please don't be offended if we have to limit the number of customers in store at any one time.



Please use contactless payments where you can.



Our store colleagues are working hard to feed you and your family, please be kind.

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**A PERSONAL DECLARATION**  
**AGAINST THE SIN OF LAUGHTER;**  
**or, ON MY AWAKENING TO THE**  
**AGELASTIAN VISION**



by Anonymous

The people of the world worship a false god, and that god is laughter; reflect on the doctrines of the day: "Live, Laugh, Love", "Laughter is the best medicines", and "A day without laughter is a day wasted" (a Charlie Chaplin quote).

Observe how all these sayings are obliterated, and became meaningless, as castle built upon sand, when we inspect them closer:

"Live, Laugh, Love" is widely understood to be one of the more insipid maxims of our age, and yet it is as if the whole world believes in it; We must live because it is our prime objective, and we must love to keep healthy relations and to leave progeny, but what is it we must laugh for? Laughing is not necessary to either endeavour, despite what is often said, and it does not help us in our work or teach us some great truth about the world. It is neither beautiful nor invigorating, it is nothing but idle fancy masquerading as every great virtue that man can wish to have.

Laughter is the best medicine? no, medicine is the best medicine, and I add that laughter can only be poison, or rather a result of poison as muscular paralysis is to hemlock, and a sign of perverse delusion wherever it occurs, and of moral failing in any society that encourages it.

"A day [...] wasted" he says, but has laughter ever encouraged productivity? if we were to do a cost benefit analysis, would our arithmetic show that laughter is a reasonable exercise, as we might say running is? or if we were to compare societies that do not laugh (or for that matter, societies that laugh less) to societies that do laugh (or for that matter, societies that laugh more relative to the former), would we find an increase in productivity in the philogelastic society's favour or would we find an increase in productivity to the agelastic society's favour? It seems to me that the answer to both of these questions are obvious. Everywhere and always, humour has been anathema to productivity, and it always discourages people from working; but if perhaps by "wasted", Chaplin does not mean "a loss in production that cannot be recovered due to the passing of time" then I ask you what does he mean? as I have already stated, humour is not a virtue, so unlike learning it cannot be said to be a good use of one's precious time. This erroneous claim is to be expected from Chaplin however, he is a liar, a demon, a high priest of the cult of comedy, and a revered anti-saint of that creed.

All men bow at the altar of the cult-of-comedy, a creed whose effects are as pervasive as they are perverse, and sing praise to its god at every hour. It's as if we were all intoxicated by gin and hopelessly addicted to that spirit, though better it were a gin, for then at least we would not be caught in such an eternal gin craze as this, as the evil of effects of the blight would be more clear, and those who promote it would be seen for the low-lives they are, the lives of those who indulge in it would be cut short, and society would recognise its most serious responsibility to combating this grave evil.

I know how I may sound to you, the adherent of the cult of comedy,—yet, I do not blame you, for how could you have suspected that from your very birth you were lied to?—you ask, innocently, "How can a man be of such a belief?". I tell you now, and you must believe me, that I have never sincerely laughed in my life; that whenever I have laughed it was by a social coercion, and that the laughter was really a fiat on my behalf. My mother tells me that it has been this way since I was a baby, and I was a queer child she says, for I had never laughed nor ever cried, but was always right peaceful; she claims to have always known when to feed me but she also admits to some suspicion of inadvertently letting me go hungry on occasion, though of course I never protested either way—mummy has always been very diligent and caring however so I do quite honestly doubt this to be the case and must attribute this very likely false admission to her dreadful humility, but at any rate, I am here to tell the tale. Mummy also tells me that she could, even then, sense my natural seriousness and even brilliance but I shall not go on about my life, this is not a biography; all this is to illustrate my natural inclination away from folly and towards seriousness. I was not radicalised until later, much later in fact. The reader, wherever he is reading this from, should know that I was, in fact, radicalised on /lit/, and it is on /lit/ where I (shall have) first posted this (footnote: /lit/ for those who do not know is the literature board for 4chan's sister website 4channel; the two used to be one in 4chan but they were split, and 4channel is the hub of safe for work content focused more on interest and hobbies, whereas 4channel is the hub of edgier not safe for work content focusing more on the sort of things 4chan is known for as well as pornography, though the content of 4channel is still hosted on 4chan in a way.).



It happened this way: I had made a thread incidentally reflecting on the faggotyness of laughing, humour, and comedy, and the ridiculousness that is inherent to hearing something and reacting like one is in the process of dying because of it—it is not a coincidence that people say "I'm dying" or "I'm dead" when they hear something funny—and as I say, incidentally, as I only made the thread in the first place to seek out a book that showed how truly Reddit comedy, humour, and laughing was; bloody hell, was I not ready for how zealous the laugh-fags of /lit/ got! Note, that before this I had thought /lit/ was full of reasonable, intelligent, well-read, and even brilliant people, but throughout the entire thread there was nary a real argument against me, just invective after invective, however, I must admit that according to my memory I must except one (and perhaps two but primarily one) anon who was brave enough to entertain my argument and who tried to argue in good faith—though even he, with great shame, had to note the dearth of arguments against me, and the true cult-like nature of my opposition; everyone else continued to call me a faggot, a troll, and an autist—in reality I am none of these things, and have been noted by many as being a truly competent, handsome, and able man, a man's man even, but despite my protests, my refutations of these libellous claims, and my attempts at having a good-faith argument, my opposition remained brain-dead. I had no idea that /lit/ would have such a complete attachment to humour, I hadn't noticed their love of humour before—though I admit that it is easier for me to recognise who is likely to be a laugh-twat in person so I wouldn't have thought /lit/ was full of them—but /lit/ assaulted me like every wounded cultist does when one has insulted their idol. Almost no-one addressed my original query for a book, but then of course they knew of none either (footnote: I do not blame them for their ignorance however, for as I say even I was ignorant, and even now I am still very ignorant, and we must all owe our ignorance to the nefarious efforts of the cult of comedy). The only person who ever addressed my query said something to the effect of, "no, there has never been a book against comedy, for no one has been as obnoxious as you to have even thought of such an idea". Am I really so original?

I was almost convinced so for a while but after doing some research I came upon an article from the Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy called Philosophy of Humour. THE VERY FIRST ARTICLE is called Humor's Bad Reputation and emphasises how little people gave a shit about comedy for the most part:



> The first is how little they have said. From ancient times to the 20th century, the most that any notable philosopher wrote about laughter or humour was an essay, and only a few lesser-known thinkers such as Frances Hutcheson and James Beattie wrote that much. The word humour was not used in its current sense of funniness until the 18th century, we should note, and so traditional discussions were about laughter or comedy. The most that major philosophers like Plato, Hobbes, and Kant wrote about laughter or humour was a few paragraphs within a discussion of another topic. Henri Bergson's 1900 Laughter was the first book by a notable philosopher on humour. Martian anthropologists comparing the amount of philosophical writing on humour with what has been written on, say, justice, or even on Rawls' Veil of Ignorance, might well conclude that humour could be left out of human life without much loss.

To that I say they would be most correct! It goes on to describe how when people did talk about comedy they mostly spoke very negatively about it. Wisemen from Plato and Aristotle, to the Christian philosophers and theologians of ancient to early-modern times (both Catholic and Protestant), and even to the philosophers of the early enlightenment such as Descartes and Hobbes often spoke ill of comedy, and even in the east, though the article does not cover oriental philosophy, among the Buddhist there are many monastic doctrines calling for abstinence from laughter (just as Christians practised).

With this rich history, one can see how my disappointment over my lack of originality was washed by my pride in having stumbled upon a most noble tradition as old as time! Thank God for this! I now have a mission in life! A purpose! Those other philosophers saw no need in combatting the scourge of comedy, but they lived in an era without social media, television, or even to some extant, printed media. Only the puritans could have seen what was to come but their efforts ended largely in vain. I don't care if mine do too. I MUST TAKE A STAND AGAINST COMEDY, FOR THE WHOLE OF SOCIETY, FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY I MUST TAKE A STAND AGAINST COMEDY, AND AGAINST HUMOUR, AND AGAINST LAUGHTER. IT IS VITAL.



AN ANONYMOUS DIATRIBE  
&amp media PRESENTS

Blinding blizzard over heath  
A wanderer's lonely treck  
Burning cold, it bites its teeth  
    Into a shaking neck

His path of prints don't lead to home  
    In fact, they lead to doom,  
From the squall of white appears  
    A tower from the gloom

Bursting headlong round the stones  
    The wind enwraps the tall  
Monument to soldiers past  
    It casts a deadly pall

Freezing fire within his breast  
    His eyes are shining black  
Fear now quickens on the crest  
    Of this leeward track

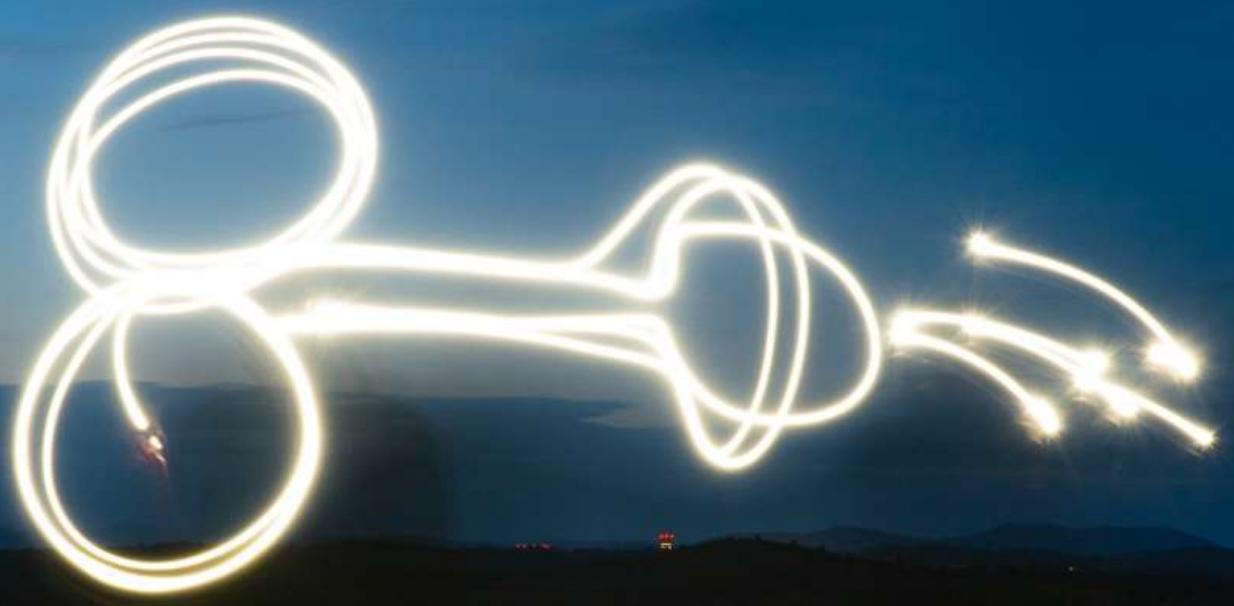
Grasping close within his coat  
    A paper that's a deed  
To riches, that's a deadly note  
    By sordid plans agreed

A meeting place decided  
The deal as good as done,  
The estate to be divided,  
But death inherits some

Behind, a silhouette's approach  
    Predicts the end of all,  
Within his coat, a holster pouch,  
    A gun and powdered ball

The crack of ice, the smoke of fog,  
    A rupture in his back  
Clawing like a rabid dog  
    His body falling slack

A crowd of trees to witness  
    Silent do they mourn  
Bowing branch in reverence  
    Amid the ghostly storm



your best life.

# 16

## PACE MACHINE

"The Flats" was a hot park. During a nice sunny day you could see the humidity in the air waving like tides of an urban ocean. More than heat though, The Flats was packed. Not a second of the week went by where you could sneak in and expect short lines. As you walked around the dozens of museums, rides, zoos, and restaurants lines of people would come from unseeable lengths away, sometimes combining with others, sometimes dissolving into confusion, sometimes looping to the dismay of excited guests. Vincent stood, nearing the pillared entrance of one of the south quadrant's museums, music looped and looped as he waited, little jingles reminded guests of safety measures and food rules. The heat boiled sweat on his head into a steam as he stood on his toes, having worn his soles to blistering lengths. As he impatiently bounced up and down, a staff member raised the single velvet rope holding hundreds back and began ushering folks in.

The line, now a huddled mob, pushed its way in at almost a stampeding pace. Vincent took a deep breath as the crowd behind carried him past the pillars and into the enormous building. As he entered the tall doorway a multitude of large domes encircled the interior, glass curved up from the expansive first floor, exhibiting even more to see on floors below. The floor was sleek and dark black, bubbling with LED colors and displaying signage to lead guests through the labyrinth of ever-changing exhibits and experiments taking place. Walking meekly, overwhelmed,

Vincent observed others in almost circus-like acts, some stacked on top of each other like cheerleaders, as men in white coats yelled instructions and interesting facts. To his right he saw a large group testing different foods, and above, researchers behind mildly tinted glass windows observed, noting reactions and patterns. Vincent himself felt a part of some study as he walked down a spiraling set of stairs. I'm an outlier in the data, he thought, no one passes all these great opportunities. But arriving at the floor below, walls resembling the inside of an aquarium, he found himself in no more diminished company. Scratching his chin, Vincent observed his options. To the right of him was a long tub of water where families were building miniature boats. The final designs were to be assessed under every metric applicable and studied by a team of experts. On stage near the tub stood a researcher with an oversized captain's hat yelling directions in a pirate's voice. Behind him were exemplary boats that guests had made, a leaderboard of sorts. Mixed in were scale models of real boats, some surprisingly behind in the rankings. Approaching, Vincent's eyes were caught by expanding concentric circles to his left. Illuminating a dark tunnel, with yet another line of people, were the big and bubbly letters: "Pace Machine". Unsure how to do anything else but wait after the long day of waiting, Vincent arranged himself at the edge of the line, right below the mesmerizing display at the entrance.



Shortly, things were moving, primarily people. Below more colorful screens lit a virtual conveyor belt of blue and black that suggested the line forward. Inside, the tunnel expanded to another more confusing labyrinth, yet all of the people seemed to move like liquid. The tremendous amount of bodies made Vincent want to stop and sit in a corner where the tide wouldn't carry him away, yet, he kept moving. The floor showed the way, and little sprinkles of green splashed as the screens below recognized footsteps and calculated how to keep the large human game of snake moving.

On top of a small stage, hanging from the ceiling, over the center of all the circles and pathways and stairs stood a researcher. As the crowds walked he preached of the technology that was at work, and explained the information being collected. Without slowing, Vincent and those around him walked past a group of mechanical arms, much like those in car factories, that, grabbing arms, stuck guests with small heart rate monitors, the march continuing all the while. As stairs were ascended and descended Vincent began to reassess his estimations of the museum's size. At one point, on the highest floor, Vincent looked out of the glass dome around him, off into the distance, and maybe a mile or greater away was the original entrance he had waited in front of for so long, there it was, facing him. Still, the experiment continued, and with no obvious way to exit or stop Vincent followed the line.

There were, of course, sights to see and information to hear. Soon enough niches even formed, segments of the line became familiar with other segments, sharing short conversations as portions ran parallel, or shouting at each other as they crossed paths. The family in front of Vincent amazed him the most, a plethora of kids all walked in order, seemingly enjoying the activity. He looked on at their cascading heights, all of them a piece in a great puzzle, and began to feel a sort of amazement usually reserved for after thrilling movies, or Christmas morning. As

he walked he felt like water, and soon, looking at his watch, Vincent realized how long he had been flowing.

The park had closed two hours ago, and nobody seemed to mind. Vincent didn't mind, the sheer amount of audiovisual stimulation was incredible to him. But, soon enough, the researcher, on his little floating stage, addressed the bubbling doubts of the snake.

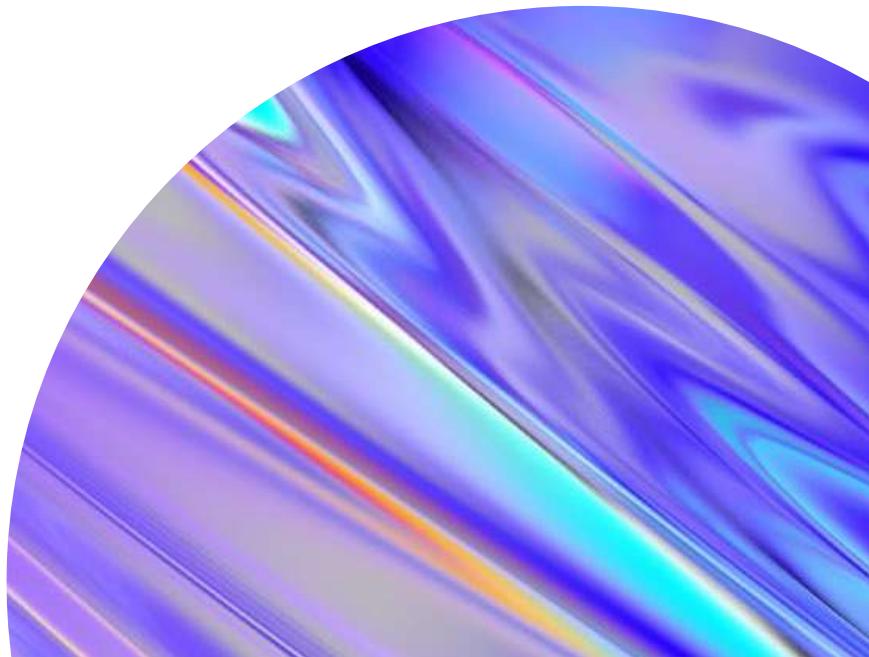
"You may be saying amongst yourselves, 'hey, it's getting awfully late,'" the lights dimmed as he said this, his voice booming from every direction, "You may be thinking, 'say, Mr. Researcher, when's this exhibit going to end?'" a general murmur could be heard, Vincent caught a slight mumble of agreement leave his mouth. "Well, let me tell you folks, in my time here I have yet to witness something quite as exciting as what you folks are about to experience." The rooms and corridors and stairs went silent, all that could be heard was a big voice through all of the speakers. "Firstly, to answer your fears: Yes, the park has closed. No, your car will not be towed. To put it simply, your selection here was the effort of one of our most ambitious projects yet. Each of you, as you can see by the obvious lack of deserters, were carefully marketed to over months, all within relevant guidelines of course. You all were selected because you each have similar temperaments, you each think a certain way about yourself, and we like that." The walls pulsed and Vincent could feel his heart climbing slowly, though if for fear, anger, or excitement he was unsure. "We like it so much, that we are doing something unprecedented. The park will now shut down, anything you can carry out of the facility is yours. And please, out of respect for the experiment, keep your heart rate monitor on until you reach your car. Thank you, and have a great night."

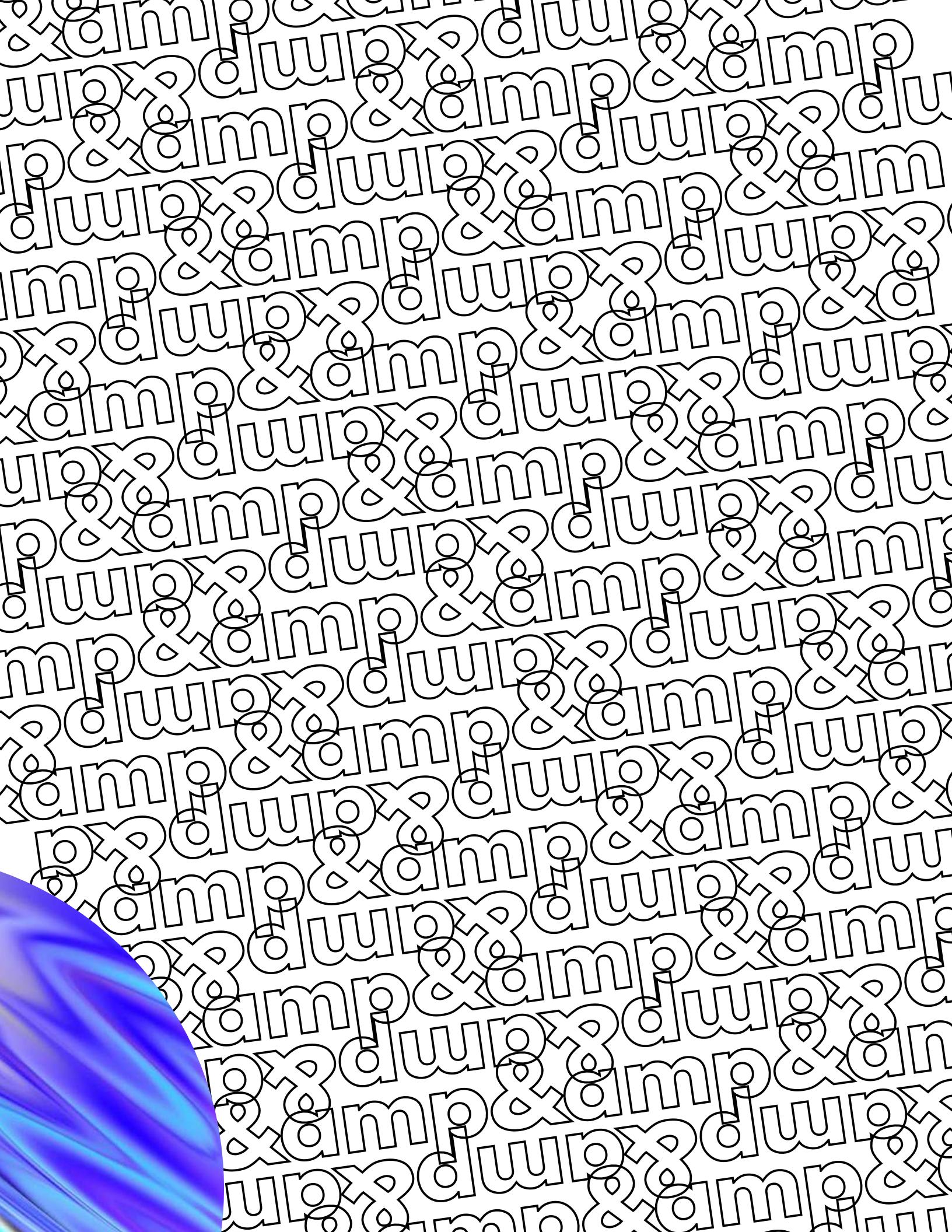
The digital lighting, the televisions, the colors, all died out. A great buzz of electricity that once fizzled in the background of brains now announced its absence, like a CRT shutting off with a distinct clunk. Replacing the electronica were dim yellow lights that breathed over only the bare necessity needed to navigate. Disappointed, Vincent began organizing his surroundings, as to navigate in a reasonable time to his car, away from any thievery or encouraged shenanigans.

Yet, as he walked, first up the main spiral staircase, and then onto the now sparsely populated first floor, he noticed others felt the same. Everyone sauntered sadly, each questioning, but denying. Everyone walked to their car within the restrictions of the social norms they feared to break from. But now, stepping out into the fresh air once again, Vincent's heart was racing against his will. Dark green grass faded into a night of unknowns as a cooled breeze rushed inside his lungs. What could one possibly take from a park so huge? Where? He was running now, aimlessly like a Shepard dog herding his possibilities. The night's light blurred before his eyes as he sprinted and hopped and bounced. Looking around him he saw others joining, most everyone excited and dancing through the loot that laid in store for them. The chocolate factory was theirs, they won, they were special. Vincent tried to hold in an amused chuckle but he was just too happy, and soon he was bursting with laughter, a running laughter and a rush of air. Whatever he took no longer mattered, he was going to take something. Practically falling over himself Vincent ran into the zoo, or, east quadrant of The Flats. Why not? An animal! Imagine! He thought to himself. And in an instant he found himself in front of a pig pen. Inside was a short woman in a lab coat, obviously an employee, sitting, huddled with a number of small baby pigs. Vincent leaped the fence and stared at them all.

"Sorry, these little guys aren't part of the experiment." She said smiling kindly, yet Vincent kept staring, his grin growing wider and wider. "I'm serious you know. Don't think you'll get out of here with-" Vincent broke into a fit of great laughter, he felt it in his abs, he felt it in his lungs. A pig! Laughing himself near exhaustion he grabbed a miniature hairy pig from the mortified employee and ran, and ran, and ran, and ran.

BY  
ANO  
NYM  
OUS



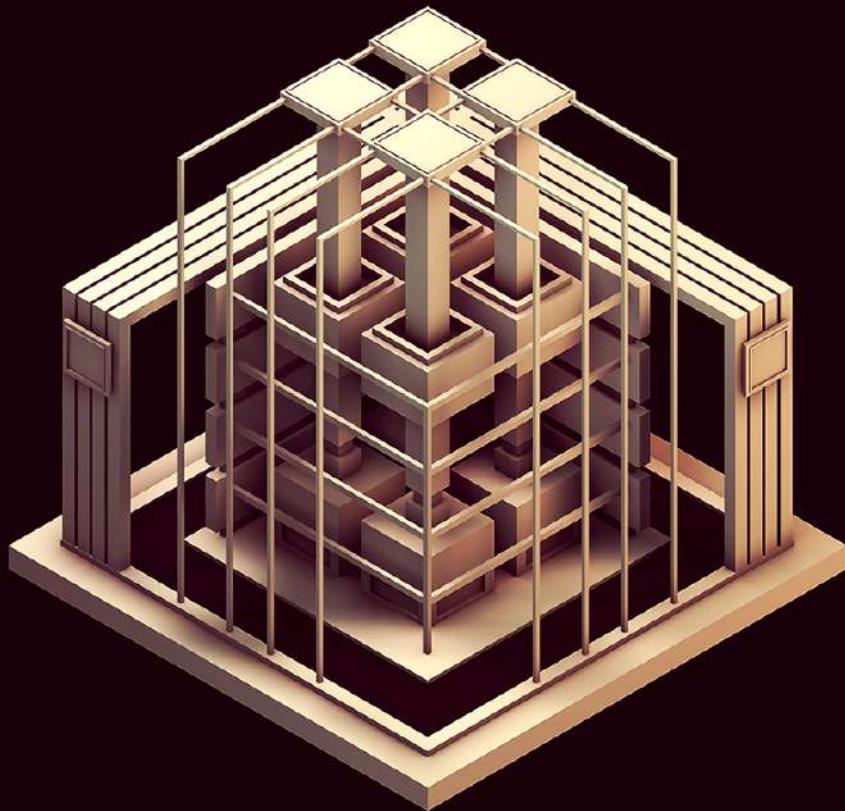


# & Magazine



Maggots eat the garbage heap that were once your own remains;  
Why climb so high, just to die among Satan's scorching flames?  
You may blame those that came, to take your rightful lands;  
But don't try and pretend, for in the end, you died by your own hands.

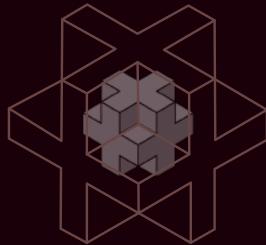




1) i'm pretty sure if i was 20 years older i'd just be normally gay. now alternative forms of sexuality have mutated in the midst of the mental equivalent of nuclear waste that is the modern internet into something so insanely abstract that coming out about this would literally take several days, so i just hide this part of myself from everyone despite my social circle shrinking with its next destination being nonexistence. recently, i've gotten a better idea about how fucked i actually am, and that crippling-self awareness has me on track to dropping out of my chemical engineering major with a GPA well into deans list territory and spending 10 or so years subsisting in my station wagon hotel before becoming an hero in time to having nothing to show for the dawn of middle age. yeah it's a fall from grace but i wouldn't have it any other way.

2) it's actually mostly new for me. did it once with another guy via reddit DMs and it just felt wrong, but as of late i've wanted to make the fanatisies i use to cope with my mental illnesses even more real. i legitimately thought about buying a \$1k kigurumi and sweating blood from taking it up the ass from the behemoth of international shipping but i remembered i work at a fucking warehouse for \$15 an hour and i need every penny. oddly enough when here i feel less horny. i go to bed without needing to touch myself under the sheets, with the drawback of having some precum leak. yeah i have no real use for writing skills outside of conjuring a few hilariously pompous, edgy poems that don't even belong on a suicide note, this is just therapy for me.

3) yes i lack resolve, yes “buckling up” and sticking with what i started would leave me with an actual life and decent money, yes my ASVAB lands my IQ somewhere in the 130s, yes i could be some guy at DOW chemical and make a solid six figures a year and have a big family and a homestead and die with a billion grandchildren by my side but who the fuck cares about money and property and success and women and kids besides normalfags blissfully unaware to the meaninglessness of it all. i would leave this site for good and stop subsisting off of temp jobs i can do with my eyes closed but my undying love for roleplaying as a helpless, unspeaking, animal with opposable thumbs replaced by feminine, lust-inducing pheromones exists for a reason. holy sweet baby jesus why the hell would anyone blow their verbal ability studying textbooks for the end of being some faggot parent dude in a three story home that actually has social connections to make suicide a dreadful inconvenience when you could fool yourself into believing you’re actually a perpetually lactating four-legged cumdump who has nothing to resist getting impregnated with but fuzzy paws that leave you just as defenseless as adorable. god wouldn’t you want to be collared and abused until you, on command, obediently spread your hindlegs or widen your mouth for all the smelly, girthy trainer cock your life now revolves around whether you want it to or not? or in your case, losing not just your fingers and your ability to speak but also your mobility as your weight is both multiplied and rearranged, so as your new life progresses you adopt a gait suited for your bovine milktank self and your farmhand’s peenor shot up each time your calf-rearing hips swung involuntarily?



god, poetry, danger, freedom, goodness, sin) often, after climaxing after a particularly raunchy episode of digital sexual deviancy, i would walk my soiled self over to my claustrophobic bathroom, strip down to my underwear and light up a cigarette, intently staring at myself with each and every pull until it's burned down to its filter. the seasonal delivery job i had back then toned what little musculature i had and tanned my skin into a comparatively pleasing shade of olive. taking off my thick-framed glasses to blur my self-image and looking into the mirror with my myopic eyes, i saw someone with a future. an attractive young man whose wageslavery was a mere means to an end and not the start of a self-destructive habit, and whose slow-burning childhood trauma and resultant teenage angst overstaying its welcome into his 20s manifested not into defeatism and escapism, but instead an inferno of determination to overcome his merited self-disgust.

I'm wracking my mind in front of my computer screen, trying to convert thoughts into machinery. The logic is all there: I see what needs to happen, the shape the numbers need to take, but my translation is broken: I can't get the computer to understand. That must mean I'm stupid. Or I'm tired. I'll bet on the latter because I'd have to admit I'm fucked if it's the first, and to reorient myself I'll grab an evening coffee from the convenience store -- an excuse to give up for a bit, to get out for a walk. I get all dressed, then notice that I have to piss just as I'm getting my shoes on. Undress, piss, re-dress, back to the door, put on some music, get outside.

Outside is good, even better than it was in the afternoon. What wind there was earlier has subdued, while the waning light is dull and warm. The city's coming out of a spell of bad weather, so I see all sorts of people out on the grass or tracing sidewalks, enjoying this new, real spring we've got after a sudden snow squall buried the last one.

Then I'm at the convenience store. I know I'm grabbing a coffee, but I figure there must be something else I'm after. I scan the shelves of snacks four times over, torn on what I want and how much I can spend. On the fifth scan I spot it: a can of chili with beans. I'm taken back to the freshman year of my undergrad, of nights in the library eating microwaved chili over my laptop -- same brand and all. A craving is dug up from my nostalgia, and I figure I won't need anything else if I can get a whole meal from the can. Off the shelf, into my hand, then I'm off to the corner where my coffee waits. I deliberate on which size I'll get: will I crash early if I buy a small? am I going to be up all night if I go for a large? I wriggle a medium-sized cup out from the weird nipple contraption plugged sideways underneath the coffee machines, then I check to make sure I'm not about to pour a decaf. A sign says I can get a chocolate bar for a dollar with my coffee, so I do. After that I pay and set my course for home.

There's a necessary detour to keep myself from getting bored -- I hate walking back the same way I came. It takes me to a park at the top of a hill. The climb up sends anxious pangs through me as I wonder if all the people nearby can hear my out-of-breath, out-of-shape huffing while I tread the stairs. Inhale, exhale, breathe deep, pretend it's a sigh, avoid eye contact while my lungs recover. I regain my confidence once I plant myself on a bench, just the right place to watch all the people and cars go by, with this big wide view of the lake way beyond. Now I can enjoy myself, sip my coffee in intervals, people-watch a little. My can of chili is seated next to me as I pop the lid off my coffee. I bring it up to my lips... it's lukewarm, like black piss, hardly tasting of anything. This is what I left my apartment for, what I dropped my work to do, my expedient mission: to drink piss-warm coffee on a bench while all the world dances around me. I finish my coffee and fuck off. At least it was nice out. At least I got to see some people for a change.

Back home it's me and my chili. Work is still lacking appeal, so I shun my computer. I can tell the cogs are still seized-up in the one little crevice of my brain that writes computer codes: I'm not going to be able to turn one goddamn thought into anything that works. I won't bother until I feel it come up in me again, until the grinding, rattling sound of intelligence starts to murmur between my ears. I read a little, occasionally eyeing the can of sumptuous beef-and-beans left on my desk. Then the craving for food wins me over, so I speed to the kitchen and peel open the can, already stuffing a few cold spoonfuls of chili into my mouth. "This would be better hot" as I take another fill, before I transfer it to the microwave. A couple bouts of radiation, punctuated by stirring the bowl and wiping the spatterings out of the appliance, and I've got my chili done up for myself. Doused in hot sauce, I take it to my desk.

I eat, and I'm still dumb. Everything is starting to look like tomorrow's problem. My computer whines in the corner. I brush my teeth and go to bed.

File: 1631716903088.jpg (27 KB, 540x540)



■ Anonymous 10/31/21(Sun)14:23:29 No.19321842 ►

>A trumpeteer is waiting. Has to wait.  
>You know these certain rhythms.  
>They matter in the mornings. The dark. When all is waiting for the return of the sun.  
>We don't have a bugle.  
>In our apartment it's my farts and her snores. Allergies.  
>I want to think. I want to be more than the essence of rhythms. What I've learned.  
>But I know that thinking wasn't ever worth much. The paradox when you're told a degree matters. What knocked me over the head – a degree is something you get so nobody can take it away from you.  
>That's not thinking.  
>My gut seeks savior from my head.  
>I throw calories into the machine and out comes farts.

Capitalism has whatever flaws and benefits we try to

predict. But I can get good beer and blow decent farts (sometimes too decent, indecorous) and I don't hold anything against the people who allow me to fallow in this post-industrial age.

>The partner kept me up last night with her allergies. The snoring. The way her head rests on the pillow. If I reduce it to a single pillow, sneak the top one with a magicians finesse out from under her, the snoring is slightly reduced.

>My computer predicts my words. They sit there on the edge of every sentence. So does the note. The blast from her nose and the blast from my bottom. She's used to my practice. I expect her to hate me for it and she doesn't. What's the true difference between the warm up sounds and the symphony? The symphony is radicalized perfection. Unintelligible to most.

>Sound is based on a system. There's that classic thought experiment, IF A TREE FALLS IN THE WOODS. As we all know there were millions of years where the bacteria to deconstruct the fibers of fallen trees didn't exist.

>A fart is a million little bacterial farts combined into one.

>I'd like to hear something even more impossible. What does the SUN sound like? >The partner wants her disappearance sooner rather than later ... I think. What does the man who plays the bugle for an army believe? He knows we should wake. He knows command has a sense of what should be. The

>Is that unfair? Time, I mean. The seasons are unfair to my partner's nostrils. My beer consumption is unfair to my ass. The phoot-ffffwoots in bed have nothing to do with my understanding. I want to wish that terribly. The same way my partner might wish that her allergies have purpose.

>The horror between here and there.

>We trumpeteer to the end.

>An army exists, a roll call persists.

>The majority of jazz isn't for anyone else



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# pcg open session 21



xx  
Messrs. Hon. Ano Dyne sa. + Rev. carter Bornbazine Esq.  
Alyosha K. , YHTYCF aka Y-ANON , Bridgett Devoue &c.

Presented by 8amp Magazine on behalf of 4channel.org



2025



Get out of my ocean

If you don't dive

DEEP

Don't get  
Devuke





Your

Devoid of shame

Daddy's to blame

This isn't a game

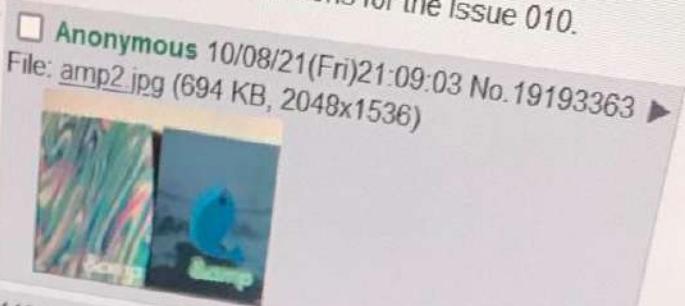
All the same

What's, your name



& A Tale of Two Design Sensibilities **Anonymous** 10/08/21(Fri)

Have you gotten your copy yet, /lit/? You can download it free here:  
<https://lampbylit.com/magazine/>  
Currently accepting submissions for the Issue 010.



**Anonymous** 10/08/21(Fri)21:22:09 No.19193443 ► >>19193467

Type here to search





Control is all about not having any control.

Control is all about being flexible.

Control is about not having any control, but taking it where you can get it.  
Control is the conditioning of the present by the error between the past and the future.

The error between who you were, and who you would like to be.

The error between who you were, and the aspects of people you like.

Control isn't practically total.

Control isn't about mastering someone else's life for yourself.

Control is about having a novel, general method to master your own life for yourself.

Control works through instruments.

Control, ideal, works through instruments, practical.

Control is non-linear and time-variant, and so necessarily lacks a comprehensive, governing theory.

Control always locally breaks down and you must accept that.

Control is a series of sensors and actuators.

Eyes can sense, bodies can actuate.

Meters can sense, motors can actuate.

Control is all about subtraction.

Control is all about subtracting a desire from sensed reality.

The desire-reality difference can then be actuated.

I am not in control, and that makes me uncomfortable.

I am not in control, because I can't envision my desires.

I cannot actuate without an error and cannot meaningfully subtract without a desire.

In order to be in control you must first close your eyes.

In order to be in control you must first imagine a desired reality.

The reality need not be feasible.

Imagine a desired reality, subtract and then actuate.

If you can't even imagine a desired reality, then you are not in control.

you-*Y*



I hate my life  
Nothing but strife

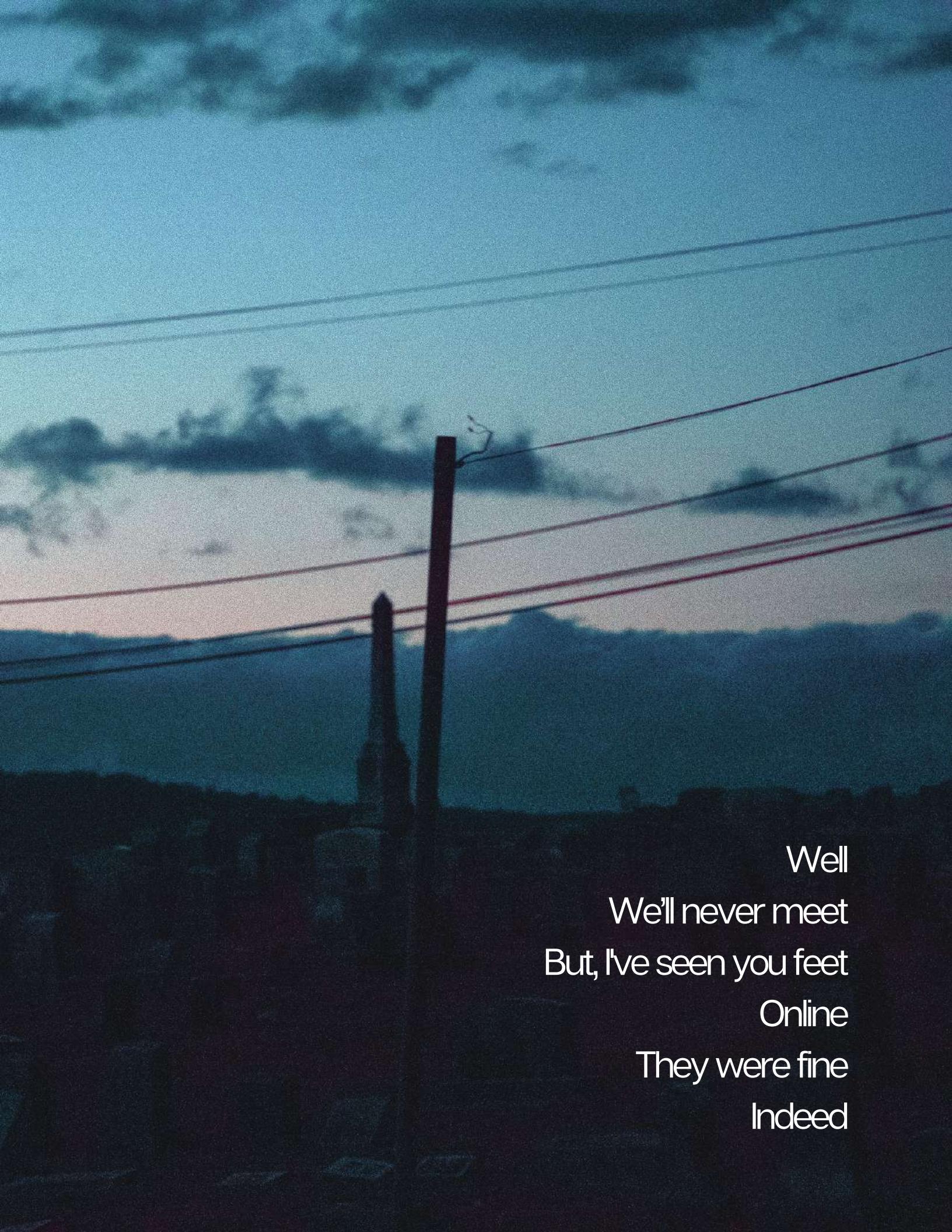
No balls, car or wife  
To take my life



2021.10.01 18:16

The DM





Well  
We'll never meet  
But, I've seen you feet  
Online  
They were fine  
Indeed

The L.A deal / The publishers price

Satan's deal  
You sign with a pen

Now in the hills  
Wondering when

It's time to shine  
Will fame be mine

A dark, textured surface, possibly a book cover or endpaper, showing signs of wear and discoloration. A bright, curved reflection of light is visible in the upper right quadrant, suggesting a metallic or polished object nearby.

2021.10.02 16:47



The background of the image is a dark, atmospheric landscape. A road or path is visible winding through hills or mountains. The sky is filled with heavy, dark clouds, with some lighter, possibly sunlit areas visible through the breaks in the clouds.

I touch her Breasts  
And rub her feet

My life's now complete

**Business, built on snow**

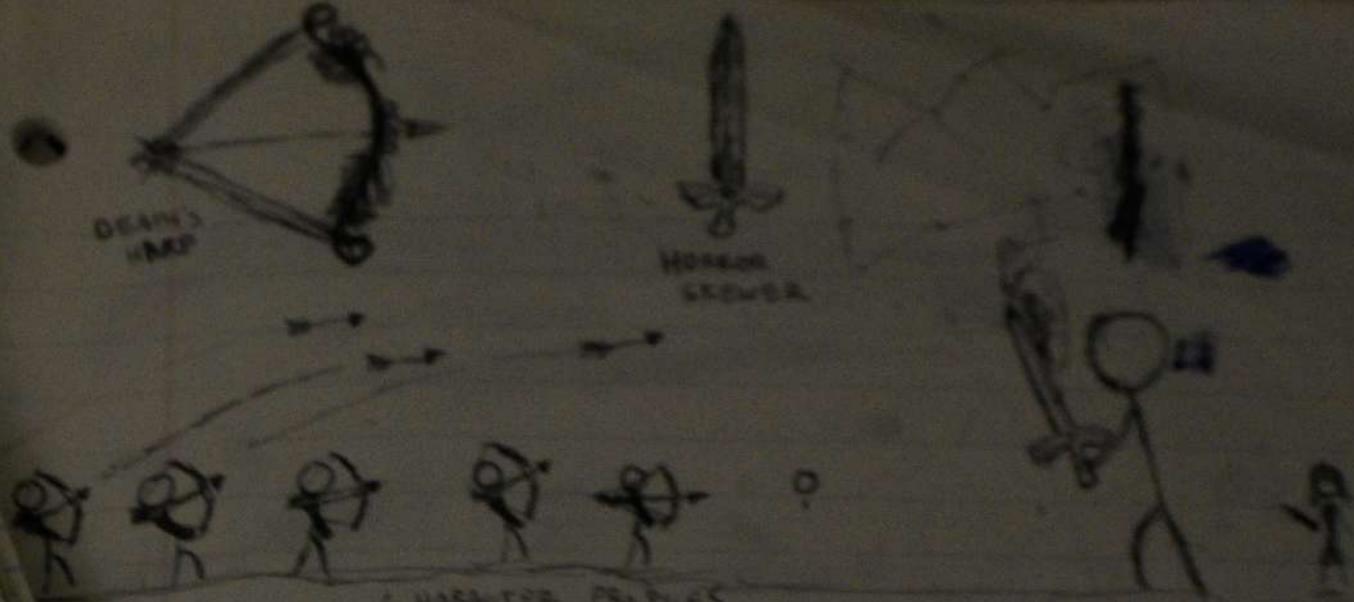
**If it melt, it go**

**My bro**

**More coke**

**Just came**

**New check, to blame**



Un 26

Political Blade 3  
Promotion Mode  
63 ~~62~~

MAIN ATTRIBUTES -

PC, INT, DEX, TAN

SECONDARY ATTRIBUTES -

NOHP, LAZI ~~LAZI~~

~~PC~~ + Project 1016 3

White Templar

26x3

game

VGHS, TAN

DELON DACEY -  
SPD, GABI

25x26x3

Level 27 33 Periods mode

MAIN ATTRIBUTES -

SECS, DEX

SECONDARY -

LAZI, STRT INT

~~PC~~ Crusher 213

Level 45 Train mode

Run in 4000000 -

MOBA, RPG

Scouting

~~PC~~ FDS, BF, PWT

Level 35

2021.10.05 23:32

# 37

Bet red

Bet blue

Don't need you

That's facts

50 racks

Bet, lose, win, life of sin

Bet my soul

Bet my kin

Bet to win

Bet I cope

I misspoke

Bet I'm broke

Weed and coke

Up my nose

In the air

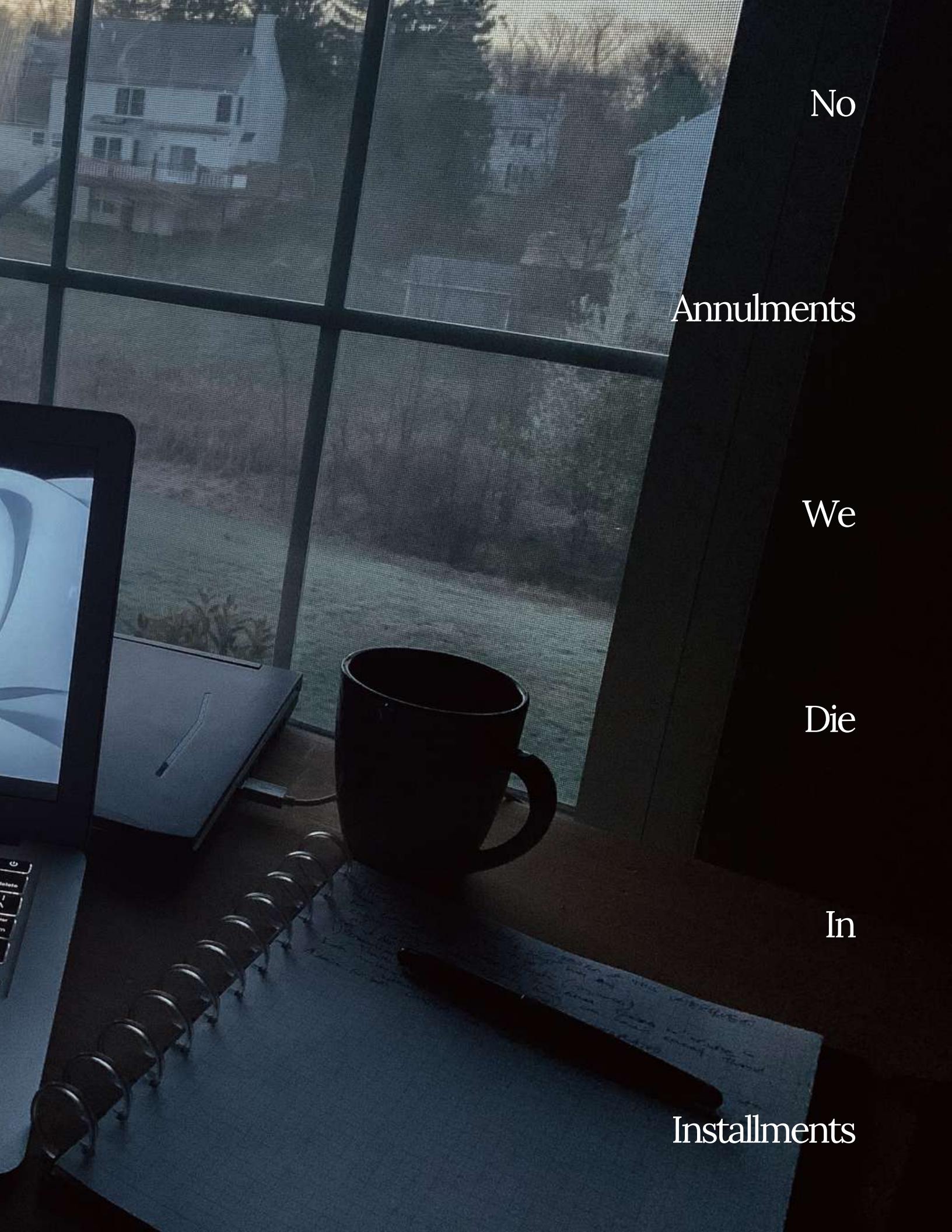
I don't care

About my life

It's nothing, but strife

• 6:16





No

Annulments

We

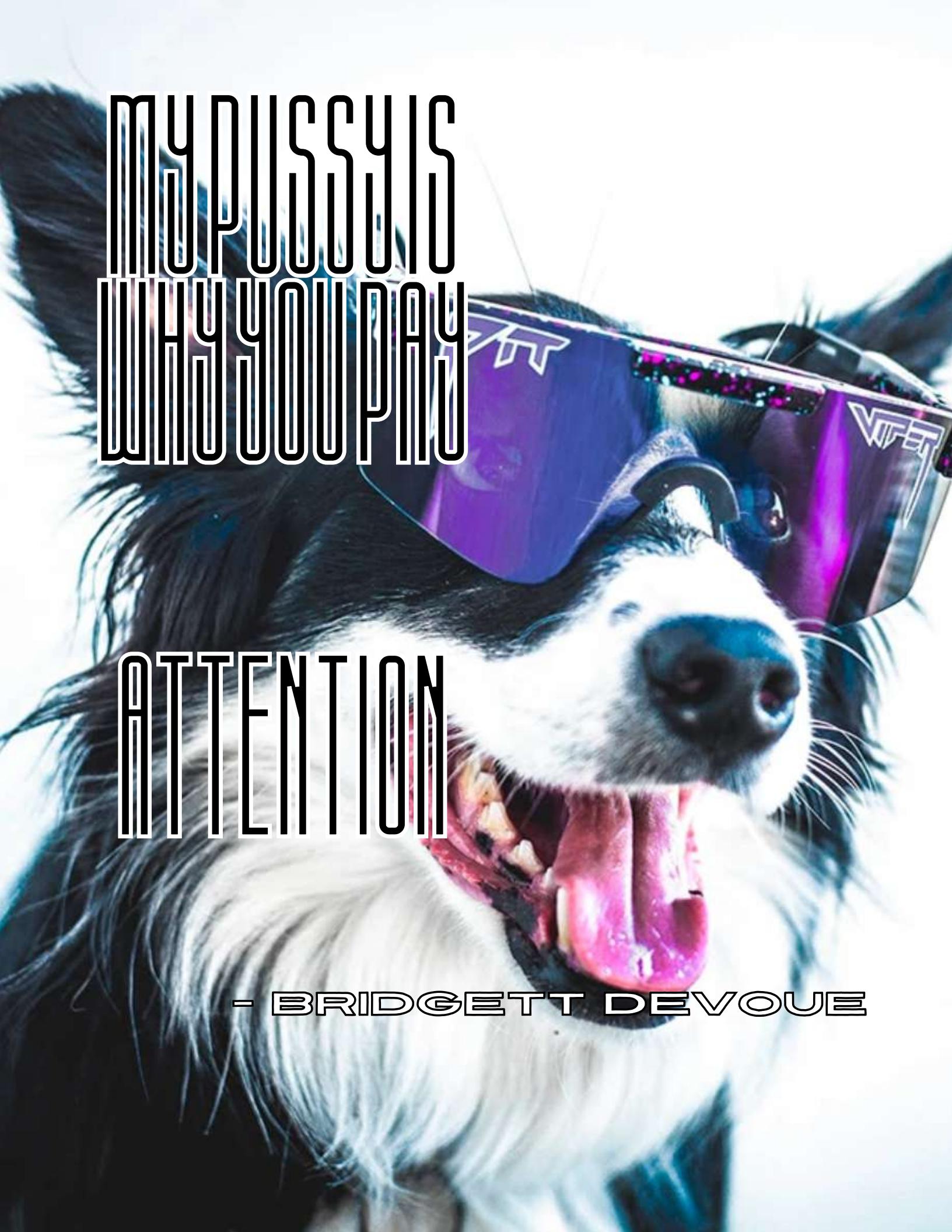
Die

In

Installments



What am I even do



MY PUSSY IS  
WHY YOU PAY

ATTENTION

- BRIDGETT DEVOUTE

&amp;  
&amp;  
&amp;  
&amp;  
&amp;  
&amp;  
&amp;  
&amp;





**@lampbylit**

WATCH ME  
*adjust*



honestly you know  
how i feel about  
these things.





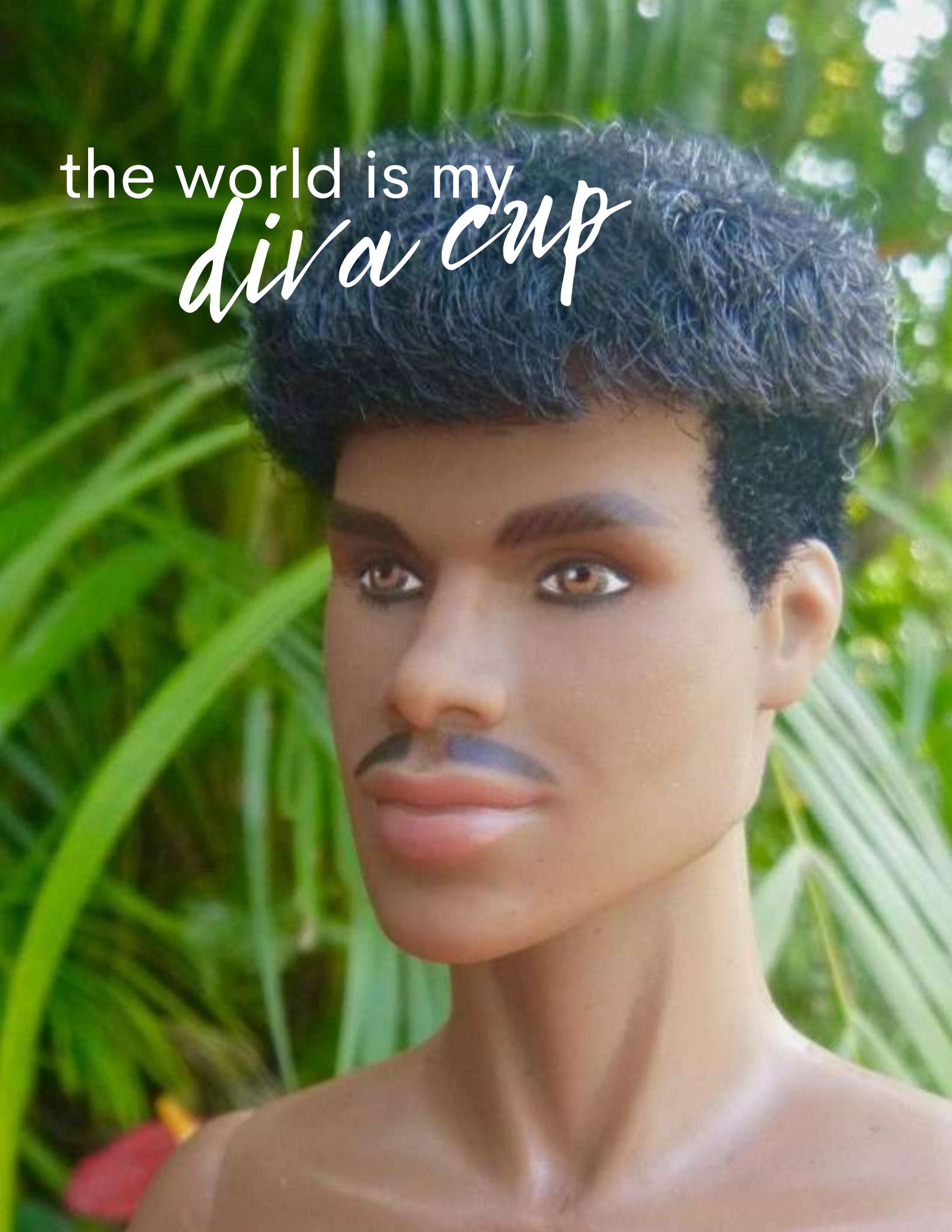
it's  
**STILL**  
a game to them.

A close-up photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her eyes, nose, and mouth. She has light-colored hair and blue eyes. To the left of the frame, a red textured garment, possibly a jacket or coat, is visible, showing a zipper and a chain. The lighting is soft, highlighting the woman's features and the texture of the red fabric.

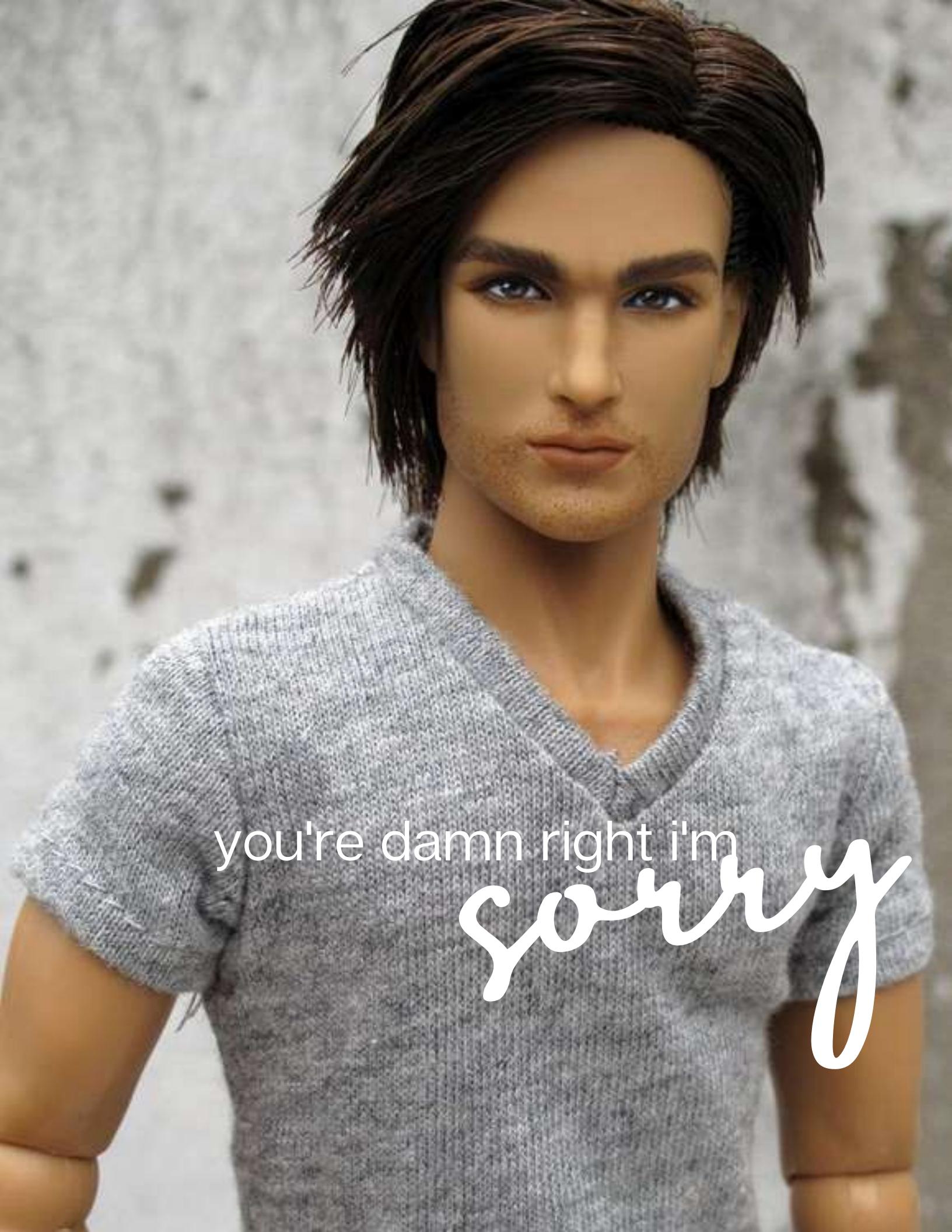
it's actually working,  
incredible.

hey, aren't you the  
**main character?**





the world is my  
*diva cup*



you're damn right i'm  
*Sorry*





9

7

4

3

0

1

10

8

5

2

9

6

11

7

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1

8

3



Remind Me



Message



Decline



Accept

# CompliciT

By Anonymous



Big Bumbus left the football field feeling tired and hungry. He wasn't a linebacker, as the name might suggest, but he was a big fan of high school sports. All the local football teams knew him and loved to see him in the stands cheering, a comforting sight during long and stressful seasons. Today he had gotten to watch two of his nephews play against each other in a thrilling game that went into double-overtime. As amazing as the game was, Bumbus hadn't had anything inside his stomach over the last four hours apart from a bag of popcorn, and he really hoped to change that. The big man hustled out of the stadium and into the gravel parking lot, just ahead of the rest of the crowd. Starting his pickup, Bumbus watched as all the young men, including some of his family, piled into a big yellow bus. Bumbus knew how hard they worked, and how tired they were, he respected them. Sitting longer, and regaining his patience, Bumbus waited as families in shiny SUVs and young groups of highs choolers in junkers all drove off. He watched them until he sat alone, adjacent to the magical green glow of the football field, and under dim yellow street lamps, all of which calmed him into a pleasant mood. A day well spent he thought, now for some food and some family.

Bumbling through the gravel and onto the country backroads Bumbus, looking at the time, realized that his go-to spot, a nice fried fish joint, was closed, and all that remained would likely be fast food. Reluctantly, he stopped, pulling out a map to assess his options. An outdoor man, Bumbus shied away from phones, new cars, and anything that made him do less. Usually Bumbus was all for doing more, but tonight his hunger wore on him, and hastily he spotted the nearest fast food place before setting off once again. Driving multiple school districts over, Bumbus wasn't entirely lost, but the roads seemed unusually quiet and eventually curved down to a small flat town comprised of nothing but the burger joint. The tree-enclosed roads he drove on cleared to a bright grey sky under a big white moon, the red and yellow of the restaurant filled the air and tinted a fog that now clouded the truck forcing Bumbus to slow.

Bumbus didn't remember ever seeing this area or this restaurant, yet his map was old, so it must've been here. Pulling in, Bumbus saw an empty parking lot and the restaurant, unlit from the inside. The light posts in the lot were almost blinding, and Bumbus had to squint just to see in front of his truck. Despite all signs pointing to the restaurant being closed, Bumbus decided to pull into the drive-through and test his luck. Stopping next to a voice box, Bumbus looked at the menu and waited to hear for any signs of life. Just a burger and fries will do, he thought, as, suddenly, the voice box blared in a peppy high pitch voice "Hia hun! I'm sorry, our drive-through is actually broken! Fortunately, the lobby is still open, so come on inside!". Bumbus empathized with what he assumed to be a high schooler's voice. Having to work such long hours, he thought, and still sounding so happy, god bless her.

Pulling around to the front of the building, Bumbus parked his truck and hopped out, again feeling the burning pit of hunger in his stomach. As he walked towards the door, the unlit interior flashed on in an instant, and behind the counter Bumbus saw the girl he had just talked to through the voice box. Stepping inside Bumbus felt warmed by the soft dreamy music that played, but slightly unnerved by the otherwise silent store. A sharp smiling face greeted him at the counter, with big round eyes and long messy hair, she stared and waited.

"Hi sport, they keeping you here late huh? and on a school night too."

"I don't go to school anymore." she smiled, pausing, her eyes bulged and never blinked, "I love working here! So, what can I get for ya?"

"Oh, haha, well alright, I was hoping to get just a plain old burger and fries, nothin' too fancy."

"Yes, coming right up!" She squealed, disappearing into the kitchen and leaving Bumbus holding his cash out. Strange place, he thought, poor girl. He pulled a stool out from a nearby table and sat down to wait, but, before he could rest even a moment the girl appeared again at the counter.



"Heeeeere you are! Enjoy!" Lifting his big body up once more, Bumbus grabbed the bag, and, about to ask how much it cost, noticed that the girl was already gone. Strange, I guess I pay after I eat, Bumbus thought, and, with not enough boldness in him to inquire further, he sat down at an old yellow booth and began eating.

Despite the strangeness of the service the burger was exactly what Bumbus was hoping for, every bite he could feel himself re energized from the long day he'd had. Before long, every last crumb of the meal was gone, and Bumbus, all things considered, was in a great mood. Sauntering back up to the counter now, he announced with more confidence than before: "Hey boss! I'm done with my meal and ready to pay!" his big voice booming into the back of the store. In the blink of an eye the young girl was back at the counter and fiddling with the register.

"Oh, I'm sorry, it looks like our register is broken, so you won't be able to pay unfortunately." She cried in a faux weepy voice.

"Well I got the cash right here, what's the problem?" "Oh, I'm so sorry" pushing buttons that beeped and wincing at the register "this just isn't going to work."

"Here, consider it a tip then." Bumbus pleaded, holding out a ten. "No no, I insist. I just can't take your money. But, I guess if you want to help me you could take that trash bag out." pointing to a big black bag by the door. After looking, Bumbus turned back to see an empty counter. Strange, was all he could think without becoming too fearful. Grabbing the big bag of trash Bumbus pushed through the door and walked over to the trash area. Here the fog seemed to get thicker, along with the stench, and, after opening the dumpster lid a great gust of rank air burst out, flustering Bumbus, and closing the entrance behind him. Holding the trash bag still, Bumbus watched as out from the top of the dumpster popped a small face. It seemed from a distance to be the face of a large cartoonish baby, yet as Bumbus bravely crept closer through the fog he saw clearly that it was the store's mascot, an oversized boy who loves burgers. The ceramic face had a permanently opened jaw with a speaker in the middle, and before Bumbus could throw his trash bag in it spoke

"Did you enjoy your meal? Hi! What's your name?" "B- You can call me Bumbus." Bumbus stammered, unwilling to give credence to the fear that was now growing within him, and hoping this was just the restaurant's sick idea of a gimmick. "Bummmmmmm" the electronic voice hummed "Bummmmmmmmbus. Hi. have you joined our loyalty club? If you sign up now you can get a free medium drink with every order over five dollars!" "Oh, umm, no I have not," Bumbus, not entirely unimpressed with the offer, "d-do I sign up here?" He asked, pointing sheepishly at the dumpster with his thick fingers. "To sign up, come closer. You'll be a member in no time!" Backing away, Bumbus tossed the trash bag into the dumpster, hitting the figure and tearing the bag, spilling trash everywhere.

"No thank you Mr. Robot." Panicking, "HEY!" he yelled out into the white night sky "HOW DO YOU SHUT THIS THING OFF? HELLO?", but there was no response. Only a low hum from the figure in front of him, followed by a harsh static scream.

"Uncle! Uncle! I'm in here! Uncle, help me out of this dumpster!" Now breathing heavily, but otherwise still, Bumbus, channeling deep within, stepped slowly towards the dumpster, next to the big shiny baby and looked down inside at what appeared to be an endless tunnel of trash.

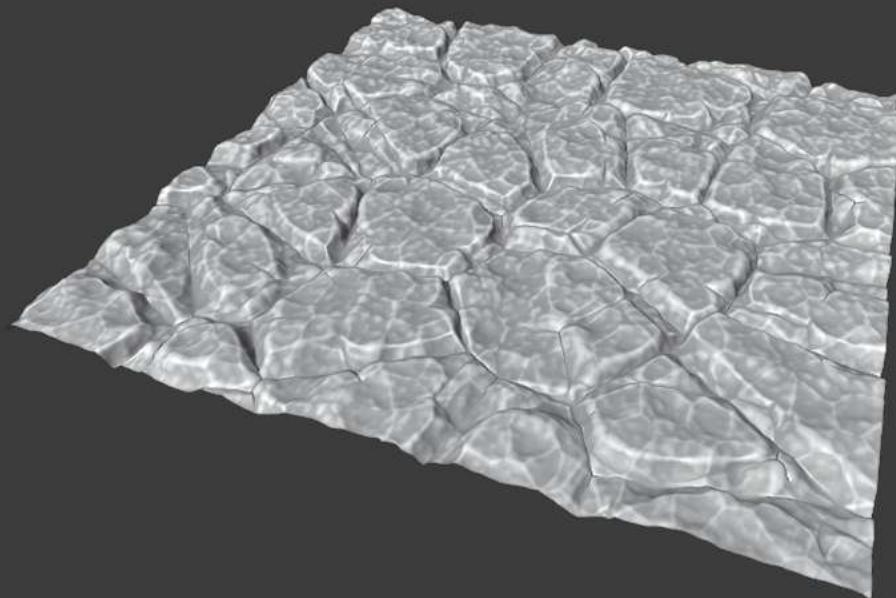
"Is that really you down there nephew? I saw your game today, how'd you get all the way out here?"

"Uncle! Uncle! Look inside, I'm here! Come and get me out, I'm stuck!" But the voice was distorted, and at the final cry Bumbus could hear the faint squeaky notes falsely imitating his nephew. Now, Bumbus, looking towards the figure, dead in its fake eyes, spoke calmly.

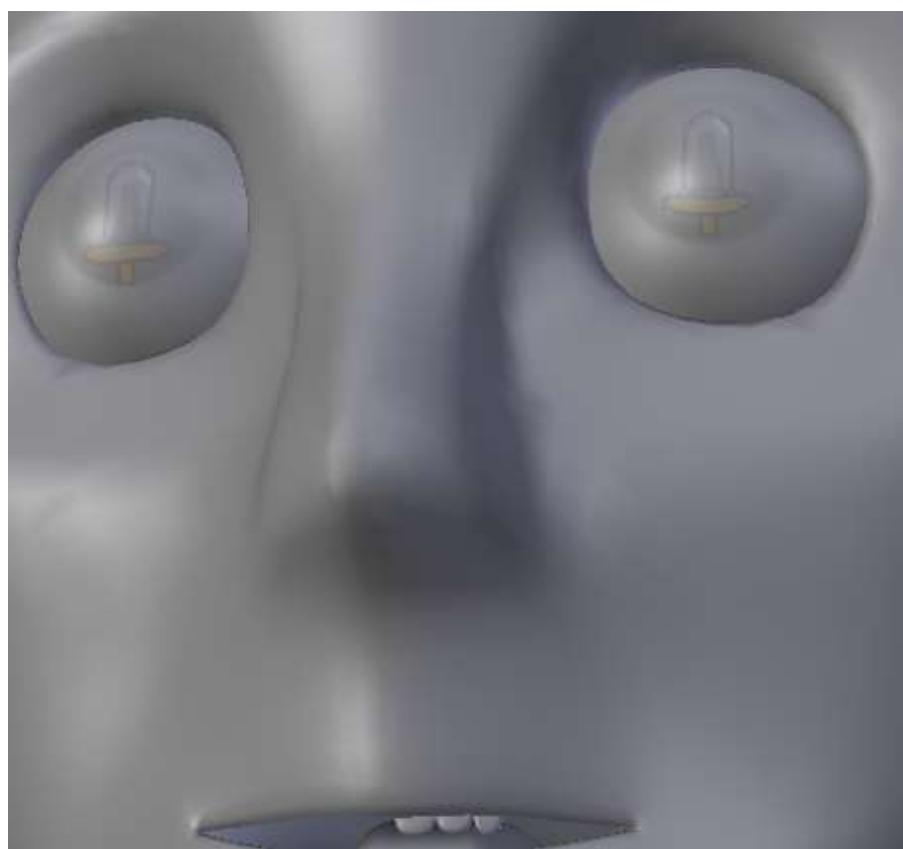


"That's not my nephew, is it?"

"Uncle! Uncle!" the now unmasked voice screeched, as the figure before Bumbus rose out of the dumpster, lifted by long fleshy limbs that stretched and stretched. "UNCLE!" the harsh static buzzed, silencing Bumbus's horrified screams. The big man clawed at the door behind him desperately, and then tried ramming himself through, but it was no use. Fleshy limbs swam around Bumbus, gripping him by the arms and legs, and as he cried "No No No No No!" he was pulled quickly, sucked into a pit cried "No No No No No!" he was pulled quickly, sucked into a pit of trash that went deep into the ground. Bumbus's body tunneled through piles and piles of half-eaten food, trash, grime, and fizzy liquid sewage, before, only half alive, he gazed out into an opening that housed living horrors only describable by your friends, your family, or perhaps even your co-workers, all who work the night shift and respect the beast and know who really has to eat.



68



# 自傳 / 爆

session #1



With the gag securely inserted, the last thing was to turn the tools on and secure the arms. Waddling over to his closet, a trail of blood behind him from his leaky a-hole... Y----- pulled out a series of straps from the closet, with metal buckles on the interior...

Taking the buckles, he fed them through the back of the jacket and into the backpack now secured around his arms. Before going ahead, he stuck his hands firmly into both pockets and flicked the dials of all the remotes to maximum, with a delay timer of 5 minutes, before returning them securely to their pouches. After the time had elapsed and with his hands secured, he would have no way of undoing this. His cock that throbbed to and fro in its cage like a wild monkey trying to escape, red like the Communist Manifesto.

With the straps and buckles now situated on the interior of the backpack, Y----- picked up two prosthetic arms leaning against his cluttered work desk. These would serve to fill out the sleeves of his jacket and not make him appear like a double amputee... the fear here was not so much being discovered, a persona fetish of his sure to make him cum on the spot, but the fact that women would approach him offering their condolences for his fighting in some war and losing his precious arms to an IED or some such, or perhaps some horrible manufacturing job in China or some godawful place and really they should be updating those laws and, you know what, can I get a selfie with you, I really want to show my friends how brave you are. Nothing could make a man lose an erection faster than the pity of a woman, and especially the idea that dozens, or perhaps thousands of Instagram spectres would be idly thumbing their clits to the thought of an armless boyfriend they could fuck and carry around like a teddy bear. Better still no legs. Y----- had read Misery by Steven King and wanted to avoid a situation similar to that except totally different. Basically, he didn't want his legs cut off by some psycho bitch. Sure, he was into restraint, and even some hardcore femdom ball mashing, CBT and the like, but the amputee thing always rubbed him the wrong way. If you're permanently handicapped into 'bondage', then it's not really

bondage. And furthermore, he would have to think of all the hairy, wrinkly pilots and other servicemen, like his father, who returned from the wars in both '45 and '53 with less than they started with - he would have to think of those men, some traumatised, faces like charcoal sketches, as if they were permanently engaging in his perversion, constantly bonded. The whole Japanese psyche could best be explained in this manner, that the amputees were all psychic, and physical, bondage participants. The atom bomb was the catalyst for a great psychic BDSM.

Blinking several times, his eyes burning out pink and green from staring out into his light, radiating... He slid the fake arms slowly into his jacket sleeves, sure to avoid the hooks at the ends of the arms from catching. Once inside, he was able to securely attach them, via the straps, to the sides of his shoulders, by having straps run above and below his chest... both attaching the prosthetic arms to his body while also locking his upper arms to his body.

Now, there was only one more step remaining. Two if you count Y----- quickly taking his winter gloves from the ends of the table and placing them on the hands. In the event a hand fell out, it would be impossible to tell it was fake in this way. In this unlikely event.

There was probably only two minutes or so left on the timer at this stage, possibly less considering his daydreaming. Furthermore, he was feeling funkier and funkier by the second. The body high pulling him towards the earth some more. Thick, bassy kinds of feelings shivering through his spine like wayward currents or deep sea tremors or bass-lines or some such like that man.

Rushing to the door, Y----- quickly opened it and stuck his door jammer between the door frame and the door in such a way that when it was kicked out the door would automatically lock, but that it would also be possible to open without turning the handle. Double checking that everything was in order and he wasn't missing anything, he took a big gulp, almost choking on the cock again, and squeezing the huge mass in his ass which was already riding small escalating crescendos of pleasure from his boy pussy.

Now, the only thing to do would be to lock the two padlocks on the cuffs and to set out on his journey. And done. It was over before he even thought about it. That tiny little metallic click, and not even a click, just a muffled noise of some kind that spelled all sorts of doom. An indescribable feeling ran over his body, both elated and totally horrified, totally cursing himself and in shock and also nervously excited and bubbly. He almost broke down and came right then and there, the hashish oil certainly affecting him now. He had to get out of here, the room was getting a big fucking intense, and scary. Y----- quickly made it to the door and flung it open with his foot stepping out the door backwards and kicking away the stopper as he did, the door slamming locked shut behind him. Even if he tried now, it would be impossible for him to get inside and find some way to escape, although he had already made sure there were no backups in his house. Sure, that was a dangerous choice for some, but since he had keys hidden in two areas fairly close to his house, he was not concerned about the freak chance that someone found and discarded his keys. In fact, it would play directly into his favourite trope of the self bondage gone wrong. The idea of the already hellish trap being trapped further was wonderful.

See, there is something very unique about self bondage. In the typical damsel in distress scenarios, or other classic home invasion scenarios, there is the Other. There is the robber who is the rapist, or the sex friend, or the bondage enthusiast, or the person who is going to tickle you or eat you or fill you up with enemas or turn you into a Pokemon or a furry or shrink you down or size you up. There is the Other in the form of the organisation and that takes you in and turns you into a sissified latex slave or a battle maid or a science experiment for vore monsters or gets a robot futanari to peg you and so on so forth. There is the often faceless, pure force of the Other terrorising you like some Homeric hero, some superabundant force totally reducing you to nothing, in the vein of Simone Weil's thoughts on the Iliad. You are reduced to a statue, an object to be manipulated to the form of the fetish. Now, alternatively, you may identify as this Other, as this robber rapist character, but in that case the victim is then the

Other, they. You are now the Olympian force acting upon them, the human Medusa turning them inanimate granite formed and broken and shattered and acted upon. But In both cases the Other is fully present, first as Master and then as Slave. There is rarely, if ever, an identification with the other Self in the Hegelian sense.

But in self bondage, things are different. The Master Slave Dialectic is occurring internally. And furthermore, in the realm of sexual domination, you play both roles. You both act as totalising force and the force totally acted upon, and for Masochist varieties, having your own force go out of control, by natural means such as a key breaking or getting stuck in some manner or someone stealing your keys or being exposed and so forth, now that is a kind of Natural and Chaotic Other that cannot exist except by the Will of God or some such. It is a totally impersonal fucking, and it's not often that you can just be totally fucked by nature itself except in some natural fetishist plant varieties or whatever, those noble figures that have sensual relations with the dolphins and sea urchins.

A shock in his ass woke him out of this dream of sorts, this weed fantasy, this string of disconnected and vivid images of the sexual and the divine. His ass was vibrating at incredible speeds, a block of pounding square waves in his arse making him double over and suck rapidly on the cock on his mouth. A thimble full of piss dribbled down his chastity cage. Then, the other vibrations started. His nipples began to be savagely attacked, pinched and wrestled and tugged and shaken between the two powerful vibrators. He screamed, or for him it was a scream, for the rest of the world a slight exhalation through the nose before a desperate sucking and gasping for air, some faint spluttering and wet slapping of the lips from under the mask, pulling a vacuum from around the enormous ball and cock. To the acute observer, drool was already leaking onto the dark jacket, but this was almost imperceptible especially out at night.

Y-----'s cock was desperate to be released, and he cursed himself for not simply placing a rotor on his penis as well, but he felt that this kind of denial would frustrate him, and he was right, another benefit, or curse, of dominating yourself.

There was something distinctly post modern about self bondage, of the total alienation of sex and machine that it presented. Marx has a fragment on machinery, from Capital, in which he posits, in a very primitive way, that machines are in a sense embodying humanity as a kind of ontological machine consciousness. In this sense, Machine-Self as a kind of global entity is emerging itself in the Hegelian sense and... the vibrations cutting through to his nipples peaked and his memories became scattered. Briefly, Marx's conclusion was that machinery would come to dominate human thought from this point forward, which he astutely perceived even in its inchoate form. Now, a singing, harmonious, vibrator-consciousness spread across the world in hundreds of thousands of pussies and cunts and asses and nipples and dickheads, they yell in unison, as a unified consciousness, while totally alienating the labour force of the sex identity of mankind.

As Žižek points out, fisting might be the ultimate kind of postmodernism alienated force of the first being the symbol of the labourer and there being no concern for the sexual performance or the failure thereof, something which seems deeply rooted in his pathology if we're going to be obvious about that - he's fat, I mean come on, we're all thinking it -- But I think he makes a misstep here. The alienated form of sex is not the first but the vibrator, the Sybian. The Sybian is the identity of the new machine Being.

During a particularly degenerate time several months prior, a previous low during many hours of overtime, Y----- was sucked into the terrifying world of 2D java my little pony dom simulators, or one in particular to be exact. The game, highly realised and exact, a labour of love of some sort, allowed the use to Bind and Torture, but unfortunately not Kill, cartoon horses or a variety of sizes and ages, teachers,

stallions, ponies, lolis and shotas, whatever your pick. Even the horse pussies, which are little udder tits near the cunt, were accurately replicated for whatever audience would desire such a thing. In reality, Y----- was too disturbed to try the typical anime girl simulator first, and like the typical serial killer, began instead with animals.

The game was layered to say the least -- dildos and tools of all kinds, the ability to manipulate the size of not only the penetrative items but the holes as well... a small filly with a huge ass and a bigger dildo, or a shota crying at a medium dildo fucking his pinky hole. Furthermore, there were an array of spells, things that could prevent orgasm or force orgasm or prevent unconsciousness or induce pain and so forth. Toothbrushes and cattle prods could automatically stimulate the feet for further torment. Health bars would show stamina and a Benthamite 'pleasure' and 'pain' meter, as well as when the horses would climax. Upon cumming, text such as 'DEPRAVED RANCID CUM' would flash on the screen in big red text. Y----- of course would not admit that he had even seen this, but not in his wildest dreams could he had imagined such a thing before stumbling upon it and practically bursting jizz from his tear ducts out of joy.



But the most fascinating feature of the game was the ability to, at any time, change from a classically autistic list of preferences for each horse. For instance, you could change the preference of a horse towards gagging, or pegging, or choking... from being something they were deathly afraid of to something that they had an 'obscene fetish' for... and this is where the heart of the total fantasy lies... the total alienation... once the autistic type, which seeks perfection in everything... once they stumble upon this stage, it is like the threshold of the hero, there is no going back, they have stepped into the fantastical world and have been given a boon of sorts... their mentors have failed, killed off in their minds, for such a thing to be allowed by them, behaviourally speaking. The ability to manipulate the desires of the Other at all... so that you may not only impose your will upon theirs through sexual domination and torture and rape, but that you may alter the entire fabric of their mind so that not only may you keep them conscious and full of either mental pleasure or pain, but that you may make them love what you want them to love and fear what you want them to fear.

Self bondage is the same, insofar as you know exactly what your own fears and desires are, and those are the things that you will be targeting. The settings are already perfect. For Y-----, he had to optimise the various horses to fit his needs, before making an account and creating them as defaults. For instance, he knew that he wanted a horse with an obscene fetish for gags, who loves relentless vibration, but hated electric shocks and sharp pain. But in reality, this wasn't a fantasy for the other, but a fantasy for himself, and one that he was inflicting upon himself. For some autists, at the end of their wit, this was the ultimate metamorphosis into real aktion that had to be taken. When the preferences were perfected, and fully realised, they needed to be acted upon themselves. To paraphrase Nietzsche's Gay Science: In peacetime, the warrior attacks himself. In other words: When the autist can't get pussy, he binds himself.

end

session #1



## A One Act Play in an Art Gallery

*Open on a stage very cluttered, a gold register and bookshelves stage right. Separate columns and stairs set up stage left, pointing center stage. Two young players are standing there.*

Are you watching me break down? asks X.

You've never not been fine, says XX.

I'm just saying man, all this beauty, all these stairs, says X

In matters of distance we haven't gone far. Where's Y and YY?

Can we not see them just yet? asks X.

I believe they're still in the room with those plaster brains, you know the ones with hedge trimmers sticking out of them, and sliced in different patterns by pizza cutters and mini chainsaws. XX says.

It's a surprisingly attractive exhibit, says X.

Yes, says XX, but it was not my favorite, I like things that are real.

You know, this place really breaks down my membrane of emotions. says X.

Was that brain series next to the section of large blueprints? asks XX. Now that one I liked.

I'm very vulnerable, says X, my skin has gone away.

Yes those were very mathematic, that is art you can truly see. Says XX.

Well you can always see it, says X.

Yes, but not in a way in which you know that the thing you are looking at is real, says XX. Those buildings exist.

Please can we not see them, just yet? asks X.

You're fine, you just don't get it. Walk. XX orders.

I just always fall in love with big white eyes, says X.

I introduced you, says XX. It's not fair for you to fall in love.

Don't worry, I think I smile too much to be handsome, says X.

Maybe so, says XX, but some things you just can't change.

Like love? asks X.

That is among the things that do, says XX.

Well everything is about love, says X, and not everything is changing.

Well then maybe people love your smile, now shush here they come.

Y and YY enter.

Those sculptors are very talented and bright, says Y with still white eyes, who would think to make brain damage so beautiful?

I'm very vulnerable, says X, but I don't think I get it.

I was saying how I used to have some hamsters, and one that chewed on the bars of its cage so much it pushed its teeth into its brain, giving it brain damage, says YY.

You mean like all art is brain damage? X asks watching Y shift her body weight.

I'm not really sure, but it sounded good. says YY.

Ha, look how little we all know. XX says and laughs.

Look at those eyes, whispers X.

And Campbell's Soup cans what of those? asks XX laughing

The group is silent looking off in varying distances.

Lets go, I saw the gift shop by the exit, says Y.

But can we step in time? asks XX.

We already do, says Y. Watch our feet.

Mine are clunking, I need a new sole, X says quietly.

Lets link arms, says Y. XX accepts with a smile.

Would you? asks YY. X sticks out a bended elbow.

XX and Y skip ahead.

What do you think of this place? Pretty neat huh? asks YY to X.

They are skipping rather far ahead, says X, will you skip?

No I don't do that, says YY, they do rather look in tune though.

Yes, X shivers, they might even beat us out the door.

No, YY laughs, their gift shop is nice, it's a don't miss.

Yes, but I don't really get gift shops either, says X.

Y squeals at something ahead. X strains his neck looking.

YY sticks close to his arm happily.

Those two are like peas in a pod, says YY.

Do you mean in like a Mendelian way? Asks X.

Huh? asks YY.

I just thought maybe you only meant they look the same, says X

Ok. Well they have many books and things if you are interested, says YY.

I could stand to read more, says X.

Yes, books are very explanatory, says YY.

They may build up my membrane, says X.

YY looks over strangely at X, they can both feel the sweat building up on their touching arms.

They are in the shop.

I concede that it is a rather nice shop. X says watching Y and XX talk seriously in the corner and flip tremendous pages of art.

Look at these, motions YY picking up one. Keychain art, it's nice to make normal things beautiful.

Isn't it really just something to remind you of what you saw here? asks X.

Well sure, I suppose, but look how this one shines in the light. YY holding the chain by her eye is smiling.

Y walks back to them with XX, holding "Creativity and the Artist in the Modern World" under arm.

X smiles and asks. What will you learn in there?

Creativity is important, says Y.

But creativity isn't just a thing, you know, you just, talk about. X smiles seriously.

You always manage to make less sense than even whatever your talking about, says XX scowling.

The Y's together walk towards the gold register, arm in arm.

Do you know of the different love languages XX? asks X.

No, says XX looking bored sifting his fingers through some replica vanGogh ears.

Gift giving is supposedly a popular one, language of love.

Mmhmm. XX teases one ear with his pointer and thumb.

Do you think she might like a keychain?



HONEST WORK

"Excuse me sir! Excuse me sir!"

Vic looked up with a jolt. A construction worker in a lime green long sleeve shirt and pant splattered faded blue jeans was trying to get his attention. The man was a mess of grey dryer lent hair erupting from every orifice and glasses so thick he could probably see through walls. He was standing with several other workers young enough to be his grandsons. They were smoking a joint. Vic had noticed the smell from across the parking lot and when he saw where it was coming from made a note not to pay attention to them. But now this fossil was trying to capture Vic's attention.

"Sir!"

"Yes? Me?" Vic locked eyes on the elder one.

"Yes sir, you. You look like some one who is deep in thought."

"Yes, I am. I am in very deep thought."

"Well enjoy your evening young man."

"I will you as well."

The old man received the joint, took a drag, and passed it. Vic took a quick look at the rest of the old man's company, saw they were uninterested in him, and then hurried to get into the hotel before the rain broke again.

As he settled into his room, Vic thought of the old man as one of the "prophets" he continued to cross by in life. Throughout his life he had these uncanny encounters where strangers would make peculiar comments that would then resonate with his psyche. He had crossed people in airports, planes, street corners, museums, cafes, or anywhere he was alone. One told about him about what real love meant and how it was nothing he could imagine. One told him about disarming roadside bombs in Iraq and how he had a thirty-day life expectancy. One was just waiting for him with a pair of pants that he always wanted. He was certain that the old man who spoke to him, who interrupted his solemn walk across the Best Western parking lot, was one of these "prophets".

"I am a man deep in thought" he said to himself.

"That's why they sent me here."

He had been on the road for several months and several thousand miles. He lived out of his car and hotel rooms he could afford when he had the money. Most of the money he made had to be saved for his family. He went where the jobs were and he would go until there were no more jobs.

He looked out his window and saw the back side of a Waffle House. The dumpster, a few milk crates, and a dirty mop were nearly arm's reach from his window. The clouds were parting and a few rays were making past the Waffle House into his room. He left the curtains open while he unpacked his belongings: canned green beans, instant noodles, instant coffee, B vitamins, a laptop, a few literary magazines and paperback books. He sat at the desk and thumbed through the magazines. A short piece about a guy finding twigs in his mailbox that were actually microphones from the FBI made him laugh. If only the author knew how bad things really were. Vic had a meeting in the morning with the deputy director of the Defense Threat Reduction Agency (DTRA) in Fort Belvoir Virginia. Just before this job he had a long stay in New Mexico talking with Los Alamos National Laboratory. Before that it was Oakridge National in Tennessee. He never got to talk to the boys in Langley but he made sure the security guards got his manuscript.

"Just keep writing those checks you alphabet bastards and I'll tell you what you're thinking before you can dream it up." He looked out the window, the clouds were coming back.

"I am a man deep in thought" he whispered. What god or devil gave him these powers he hoped never to find out.

"Oh, DTRA what did you do? What could I possibly do for you? Is there a broken arrow for me to find? Are there undeclared supplies of sarin that need to be found? Oh, I know! It was DOMANE, the Discovery of Medical Countermeasures Against Novel Entities! That's where you screwed up. The whole world is locked up washing their hands until they bleed and all you wanted was another year of funding."

He took a mini legal pad from his laptop bag and began to scribble.

"Wuhan Institute of Virology"

"Satellite guided microwave signals for RNA disruption"

"Hydroxychloroquine vitamin D zinc cocktail"

He stopped. A flash of lightning pierced the clouds. He had to think of something that would scare the pants off of DTRA. The pandemic was losing its sting on the public and they weren't going to cut him a check for a hundred grand unless he could sell them an idea they never thought of. It had to be something that would stir up the fringes on both sides, believable, terrifying, and fundable. He added, "Vaccine mandates" to his list.

"If you think vaccine mandates are bad wait until you hear about..." Another flash of lightning.

"CRISPR treatments for the elite. If the virus came from a lab and humans will always be susceptible to the variants, then the only lasting cure is to alter the human DNA. Of course, this won't be available for the masses." His mind wandered off at the horror of this idea. It was plausible. He could see the riots now.

Fat drops of rain began to hit his window. He pulled the curtains closed and turned on the TV. The satellite signal came in slow, when he found the local news a woman of indeterminant ethnicity was describing the weather.

"Clear skies this evening and sunny going into the weekend" Thunder broke overhead and the image pixelated. Vic looked at the assorted can goods he had organized on his dresser and decided to go spend some US government greenbacks.

He ducked out with his copy of Hegel's "Reason in History" from the Library of Liberal Arts. In less than 30 paces he was under the awning of the Waffle House. He snaked around to the front entrance just as a full deluge was unleashed. Inside two groups of construction workers were eating. One group of bright orange t-shirts and one with long sleeve neon green. The oranges were gathered around the cash register. They were stretched thin and the cleanest thing they touched that day were the white receipts they were patiently waiting to pay. Behind the counter was a young black hidden behind a hat, apron, and powder blue surgical mask. His eyes were sincere when he said,

"I'm sorry for the mix up, what was your order again?" Off the clock and completely calm the nearest orange explained in a calm voice.

"Okay that's right" the black worked the register like a savant.

"And you had the pancakes, bacon, coffee, and a Mountain Dew?" He asked the next orange. He nodded politely.

In the far end of the restaurant, in a booth bordered by mountains of dirty plates, near the edge of the counter seats, were the greens. They were hardy and alert. The stains on their clothes were different from the oranges. Vic headed towards the edge of the counter seats to sit by himself. Closer to the greens he could feel the rhythm of their conversation. They were planning the next day, week, and project. They must have worked something highly skilled or extremely dangerous because they were in concert with each other.

"He tried to take half an hour from me" said the youngest looking

"We're not going to let that happen," said another

"I already talked to him about that," stated the third. And the fourth closed the issue with,

"It won't happen again."

A forkful of hashbrowns, a drizzle of maple syrup on the eggs, slurping the last of the Mountain Dew from the too much ice, and a gulp of coffee later.

"When's the contract go out?"

"Wednesday"

"We've seen a draft"

"It's got everything we want"

Vic took a seat, took out his book, and started to read but was quickly interrupted by the young waiter from the cash register. He had hurried over and said something unintelligible from under his mask. He looked apologetic. Vic didn't understand a word. The waiter mumbled again.

"No, it's okay, I'm in no hurry." Vic said. The waiter looked at him for a moment and then left to tend to the oranges. Vic didn't care. How could he possibly care about anything that some burger punk waffle jockey in an apron had to say? He had the attention of The Regime. He was followed, watched, tailed, bugged, and x-rayed from space by the alphabet soup MK Ultra nightmare machine and was still getting away with six figure checks he quickly changed into LINK, moved to a hardware ledge, and droned to Switzerland where his wife and children were waiting. He didn't care how long it took, or if the stove exploded, or they were 2 minutes from closing, he was going to get some dirty cheese burgers and some bubbly sugar water because he needed a break from this pedal to the floor red line life of lying to the government. He picked up his book and resumed reading.

Several minutes passed before he looked up again. The oranges were heading into the rain and the greens were heading to the counter. The young waiter from the register was free at last to attend to something else. He strolled back over to Vic carrying a laminated placemat menu, his eyes more cordial and less serious than before. Before he could hand it over, Vic placed his order.

"Two cheeseburgers, with pickles and onions, and a Sprite".

The waiter scribbled the order without hesitation.

"We'll get right on that."

He scurried to the stove where the cook was aggressively scrapping it clean, handed over the order, and shot back to the register where the greens were waiting to pay.

"Gentlemen, how was everything?"

"Good"

"Fine"

"Okay"

"I didn't order extra bacon" The oldest looking one pointed to his receipt.

"This says I had 4 waffles, I only ordered 2"

"I only had hashbrowns and coffee"

"Can you break a fifty?"

Vic looked over at yet another wave of bad orders that needed to be straightened out. It made him glad he didn't have to deal with such things. He turned back to his book and tried to forget everything but what was in his hands.

After several more pages of reading and pondering how Hegel or any philosopher ever got the balls to describe the nature of the universe without any objective facts to back them up, the food arrived. It was exactly as Vic had dreamed it would be; hot, greasy, compact, a little crispy, a little sour, and with a tall glass of pop, a little sweet. Vic glanced around. It was just him, the waiter, and the cook. He noticed the cook only briefly when sitting down, but now he was taking the stage.

"Cheap dirty Mexicans not tipping and leaving a mountain of dirty dishes. Cheap mothafuckas!" The cook let rip. The waiter looked on distressed at the cook. Vic looked straight ahead at the tiled wall, not thinking, not caring, but only enjoying being there. In this brief moment he became a simpleton completely disconnected from the white-knuckle game of defrauding the United States government. He was nothing but a grease stain in a grease stain. If he was bound to that greasy counter, he would consider himself a king of infinite burgers if not for those dreams. Too many nights he closed his eyes only to see the grand caper falling apart and a thousand long knives coming for his throat. But not at this moment. At that moment, there was only the joy of a hot tasty meal that someone else prepared.

Vic looked out the window and saw a BMW turning into the parking lot. Then an SUV turned in. Then another SUV, and another followed. Suddenly there was a small parade taking a snack break detour outside the window. The waiter and the cook were stunned.

"Shit!" Exclaimed the cook. "I bet it's a bunch of kids! Fuck man where's the next crew? Ain't our shift up?"

The waiter, upset as well, had a plan.

"I'll just tell them we're only taking carry out orders"

"Shit!"

Vic took a long drag of soda, leaned back on his chair, and watched the doors. Out from the cars their parents paid for, came the youth of America. Vic could remember a time when people used to say that "Children are the future". Now time has stopped and there is only consumption. He starts to feel his age when he remembers when "youth" and "optimism" went together. Those two haven't gone together in years. Half a dozen dead-eyed children of the grave came through the doors while the rest of the caravan waited in the safety of the cars. They looked hungry for a glimpse of adventure, not a real adventure of course, but a glimpse of one. They wanted to hide behind laminated menus, hold their phones over the booth, and see someone who was free of the cage. They just wanted to capture a few moments of something "unscripted", something "real", but most importantly something that would make them love the cage they lived in. They needed to look at the outside world and be scared of what could happen to them if they were to leave their cage. They loved their cage and needed to know that the cage loved them; it's for their protection, it would never harm them, of course it loved them. So, there they stood, a failed generation, looking for some fun at Waffle House off some stretch of the American Autobahn in the middle of a thunderstorm. And you know what? The Waffle House was all out of fun.

Before the low testosterone leader with the weak jawline could even say a syllable, the waiter cut him down.

"Only to go orders" said politely

The cook had his back to the crowd and focused on the stove. The caged birds tried to sing a few notes to understand the situation and were calmly rebuked with a reminder that,

"We're only doing to go orders"

The waiter's voice made Al Roker sound like Method Man. The cook fought back a laugh. He couldn't believe it was actually working. He covered his mouth and dashed into the storeroom. The birds looked around. Vic picked up his second cheeseburger and looked down at the birds, thinking to himself,

"That's right crackas, you heard the head-nigga-in-charge, 'only to go orders'. Ignore the Jewish/Muslim/Turkish/Italian/French/Canadian/Native American citizen who is clearly eating in house and was served by the waiter who is, yes you are correct, is refusing to serve you because in case you forgot China destroyed the world, Trump won, and Epstein didn't kill himself, did you get all that? Are you having fun yet? Did you take enough pictures? Did you generate enough free content for your gods?"

They started to piece something together; something that told them they weren't going to find fun here. Vic took a quick look at the Meryl Streep of Waffle Houses who had his best "I don't make the rules, I just got to follow them" look on. The birds were beaten. They departed, filed back in their cars, and fluttered on down the highway.

The cook peeked out of the storeroom.

"Shit it worked. Thank God! Where the fuck is the next shift?"

"I don't know I just want this day to be over."

With an empty plate, Vic moved towards the register and fought back his grin. He knew he wasn't one of them. He knew that the joke they pulled wasn't for his amusement, but for their survival. Yet he hoped that they could share the punchline with him, that he could be part of the fun that just happened. The waiter rang up his check,

"\$12.07"

"For two cheeseburgers and a Sprite? Holy God that's expensive" Vic thought. He paid and tipped. He looked at them, hoping to make eye contact long enough to smile at their joke with them, but they didn't look at him. The two behind the counter talked about their plans for the evening, tomorrow, the week, and the rest of their lives. They made it all seem possible. All they needed to do, was to do it. Vic tucked his book into his raincoat and caught a glimpse of the menu he didn't bother looking at. He was stunned. He had been overcharged by about 100%. He tried again to look at the waiter and the cook, but they couldn't even see him now. They were lost in lard vapor dreams and Formica aspirations. Vic tried one more time, and realized he'd become a blur to them. After a while Vic went out, left the Waffle House, and walked back to the hotel in the rain.

HONEST WORK

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# The Sun Seeker

There is a habit to add *shocking* in front of the *surprise*, and it is upon reaching this state of being one of such crude tools that the word stops having weight. A *bad* surprise is what was currently taking place, as the guests listened to our President's decision to fund a Zoo in The Second Cradle. First of all, it does not make sense for a developing country to spend government funding on charity, unless on a matter so urgent that it would look unprofessional to ignore the destitute or whatever or whoever is going to be being helped. The country of ours wasn't rich; on the opposite, it came closer to the bottom during the last universal poverty check. The Second Cradle, our gigantic neighbour of a country, was near the very bottom. When the arriving members of the Cradle government heard of our president's imperative decision to build a Zoo right in the centre of the thing, at a certain point, after multiple clarifications, they all have stared him into eyes for 10 seconds straight without saying a word; seven people and a secretary it was, they did not count secretaries as people (you do not gain human status when you change jobs, so there was no reason to leave). It was a man, I remember, in his thirties; while everyone else looked at our President in disbelief, he stared into despair; it was his late thirties. He will always live in the Cradle. He will only leave it temporarily, when there is enough fuel to go

on a mission and back. He has no chance of fleeing into another country due to him being a secretary. He hoped that being called in for a “pleasant” — I am quoting our playful President here — surprise would mark a crucial shift in his career, which was also his life. It was the last atom of Hope that was currently being insistingly crushed with the chances of being split and turned into an explosion diminishing with every word that our President was saying. It would be an urgent matter, he was saying; no time would be lost; the animals, despite each of them having a passport and a right to travel, shall be preserved, not transported to another place. The president will go with them, immediately (on the fuel that was Cradle’s, not our own; they had to harvest it for 52 years, only the secretary knew). The secretary opened the window of the fifth floor of our Presidential Palace and made a step forward in an attempt to end his life; it was only the fall that was short-lived. The secretary could not be hospitalised due to being a non-entity, so he would go home on their own plane, he was being calmly assured, with no mention of any treatment. Not only no people were lost, but also “a non-entity saved” was saved during the mission, the correspondence mentioned. It also quoted “centre of the thing” directly. Due to the silence from the Cradle side throughout the journey, I told Mr. President that there is nothing in the middle of the country, if we were to build right in the centre. *Perfect*, he replied. No, Mr. President, perhaps you misunderstood. There are not thousands, but thousands upon thousands of acres of Nothing within The Second Cradle. Traveling in one direction takes approximately 32 hours because it requires a plane of a slow and large kind, one that contains enough fuel, for there are no refuelling points anywhere in-between the centres of our countries. *Perfect* was the only thing that Our President was saying in reply to my every objection as the secretary stared at me in what was clearly an asking to

pull his life plug. The plug and every other part of the treating equipment was donated by our side, which prohibited me from doing the deed. Death, for the secretary, was a difficult subject. His mother died at birth (his), and father dwelled so deep into the mines that he would not have enough time to go back to his son before dying of old age. The secretary lived in the mines for more than thirty years, eager to get outside, working his way up while everyone was going down in search of a precious material no one has ever seen. Thirty years is long time. He has heard thousands of miraculous life stories from multiple generations of people stuck at different places, as he was making his way up; he has fallen in love six times, with people he would never meet again, and has fallen out five. He had no knowledge of The Law. As he finally saw The Sun for the first time, eyes watering — it was bright — he was being apprehended for leaving the mines; to get either sent back to the mines or become a non-entity was the only choice. He was regretting his decision, he told me as he was finishing his story at my request. We still had 28 hours to go.

I don't hate Iranian women anymore because I finally had a one-night stand with one a few days ago. She was really ugly, but her head was good. So now, instead of "hater" of Iranian w\*men, I'm the disliker/critiquer/studier of Iranian Women. I still stand by my objectively correct opinion that they're uglier than Australian aborigines.

I feel like a huge burden has finally been lifted off my shoulders since I conquered my fears and finally saw an Iranian woman naked face to face. I felt like it was hypocritical of me to call myself "the world's leading expert" on Iranian women without fucking at least one first. Thanks to my Iranian male therapist's recommendations, I made some slight adjustments in my life (working out more at the gym, adjusting my wardrobe, better haircut and hairstyle, and grooming my facial hair more) and I feel better because of it. That being said, Iranian w\*men still live rent-free in my head and I'm still studying them nonstop.

Moral of the story: If you have a goal and a plan, it can be accomplished with discipline and persistence.

The closest I ever got to raping somebody was when I was 13. One night, my Iranian female cousin who was 19 years old at the time was "babysitting" me at my aunt's house and she was sleeping in her bedroom, then while she was asleep, I went into her room and I was planning to finger her pussy, grope her ass and motorboat her breasts because she was wearing pajama shorts and spaghetti straps while in bed, but right before I was about to do it, the pizza guy knocked on the door and I quickly ran out before she knew I was in her room. The universe/god or whatever saved my ass in that moment. That last year of middle school was horrible because I was fantasizing about raping my Iranian female cousin nonstop for months. I also had similar fantasies about my Iranian chemistry teacher (she was in her 40s and wore high heels and dresses almost every day). Fortunately, I have come a long way since then. Iranian women are nasty and ugly

As I have said before I go to an Iranian male therapist in Beverly Hills, he's in his late 50s. He's a good man and he gave me some very good advice, which included socially interacting with the vile Iranian females more. I also took a really impressive dick pic and took photos of myself in front of my dad's cars for tinder. The Iranian that I piped was really ugly, she was covered in tattoos, she spoke in Ebonics, she has an OnlyFans account, and the sex with her was less than impressive, however she gave me a really good blowjob. She only wanted a one-night stand, she's not my girlfriend. Interestingly enough though, she opened up to me about her background. She told me that her parents are both attorneys. She also had a really expensive Persian carpet at her house and her room smelled like weed.





# “Off the boy, Satan”

by K.G.F.

When I was five my parents left the Catholic Church and converted to some sort of pentecostalism. I can't blame them for being such plebs, they only followed the zeitgeist as it was a trend in the 90s to have families in Latino countries moving their beliefs to such gringo churches. The church they started to go to was a Foursquare Gospel Church, the building where it was located used to be an old car repair shop, repurposed for worship and speaking in tongues. Soulless place, nothing but a warehouse with some plastic chairs facing a pulpit.

The so-called pastor was a fat brown man that would deliver his sermons dressed in a polo shirt, the motif of his preaching was usually the same every Sunday: “The devil is on TV, the devil is on the movies, the devil is on cutlery and in yogurt packages. The devil, the devil, the devil. The lord of this world, the devil!” As if it wasn't enough, usually there would be an exorcism session, some people in the middle of the assembly would be possessed by a demon, standing up shouting loudly in a guttural voice, having their hands tied on their back as if their bodies were being held by an invisible rope. Whenever it happened the pastor would bring the microphone to the possessed and let the filthy spirit speak, so the devil would confess his plans to bind mankind to his will. Even as a five year old, I started to think that the devil wasn't the smartest guy in the room. Why would he reveal his Bond-villain plans to a bunch of fanatics? My God, how could adults have lost their mind to believe that such a staged act was real?

But my parents wouldn't see the façade of that act, on the contrary, would go deeper and deeper into that cult; changes in our lifestyle started fast. I remember one of the things that impacted me the most, my bedroom used to be decorated with these pretty, plaster manufactured little cherubs, they were hanging on the wall over the head-side of my bed. Nevertheless, by the advice of the pastor they went to trash, because according to the clergyman, those angels were a display of idolatry.

I begged in tears for not having those cheap china-made angels going to trash. I really loved those little and infantile winged beings above my head, delivering from evil during my sleep. But it was useless, they had to go as my mother said the Bible condemned it. Only an empty wall was left.

So one night, while sleeping in that iconless room, I had a dream.

*1. I've found myself in a desert, a never-ending plain where nothing could be seen on the horizon, the sun was above my head as a summer midday, but its rays did not shine, the landscape was dusky as the late twilight.*

*2. And the ground was of scorched mud tiles, and there was neither grass nor tree to be seen. My spirit was taken by a feeling of loneliness. Then I walked a long walk through that infinite barren land.*

3. And I saw far up in the distance a lonely fale with its ceiling made of straws, as I walked towards it I could see that there were two beings beneath it, a grown man and a child.

4. And as I approached I saw the man, he was an angel wearing a white robe, long wings and golden curly hair; there was a boy beside him who looked exactly like me, small and innocent with a bowl-shaped straight hair. A double me.

5. And I heard the voice of the angel as sweet as the wild honeycomb: "Approach, my child." He spoke in a loud voice. And I joined my hands and begged: "Where am I? Have mercy on me and deliver me from this place!"

6. And the angel looked down on me and announced: "Be not scared child, for God will not depart from you." But my hardened heart felt no comfort: "Do not leave me, I am afraid."

7. The boy that looked like my double came to the presence of the angel, pulling the end of his robes, he spoke to the winged being: "We do not belong here, to heaven we must go."

8. And the angel looked at me and said: "Child, we depart from you now. You must stay here. A lesson must be learned by you!" Embracing my double, the Angel took flight to the skies, disappearing in all high.

9. Then I put myself on my knees and started praying: "Take me out of here, God. I will be a good boy." The tears falling from my eyes met with the lifeless soil.

10. And a light coming from the sun shone brightly, I raised my eyes and looked above. Behold! The God almighty revealed his face encircled by the sun, long beard and glowing white eyes. And He spoke in a voice like thunder: "My child! Why art thou so wicked?"

11. I bowed my head and started shredding tears "No God, I am not and I can change! I will obey the pastor!" But the All-Knowing had replied. "Thou wilt not! Here in this place a penance must be placed on you!"

12. Lo and behold! From the skies He bursted a laughter and his face started to fade, it was now replaced by the image of Satan. His long draconian horns and crimson skin, the laughter now sounded as maniacal high-pitch, and the sun went darker than before and shadows enveloped me. Emptiness.

Thus was the end of my dream.

I woke up shouting a desperate cry, my parents came running to my room and I told them that horrendous nightmare. So I said, hiccuping and crying, that I never want to go back to that church ever again, that I was afraid of that pastor and the demonic possessions that happened there. They said it was okay for me to not go, and invited me to share their bed for the night. I hugged my teddy bear and they took me to their room, falling asleep once again in the bedspace between them.

The week has passed and it was Sunday again, so my mother came to me in the afternoon wearing her church dress. As if she had a fun family plan, she gave me

an offer I could not refuse: "Son, we are not going to the church today, wanna come with us to the park and eat some cotton candy?"

"Cotton candy? Yay!" I was visibly happy. Who would refuse skipping church and getting some cotton candy?

But there was no cotton candy as we actually arrived at church, and that's the story of how I was exorcised. I was placed near the pulpit and a group of adults laid their hands over my head, yelling at the devil, commanding him to depart from me... "Off the boy, Satan! This body does not belong to you!"

A five year old child, goddamn it, can you calculate the trauma? I still hold a grudge against my parents for that, but again, can I blame them for being such plebs? The misadventure of my parents through the Foursquare Gospel church wouldn't last long, unable to receive any graces they both grew cynic towards religion. When I asked why they would do that to a child, my father answered simply: "I was unemployed and we were desperate for a miracle. We wanted to get away from poverty."

Sad it was, but God... Better would be if they never left the Catholic church.



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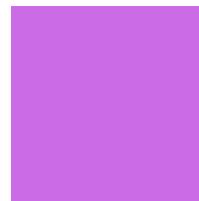
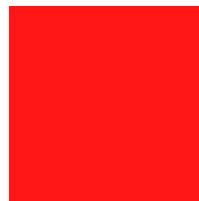
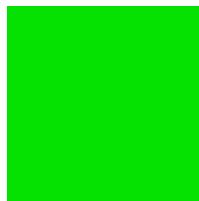
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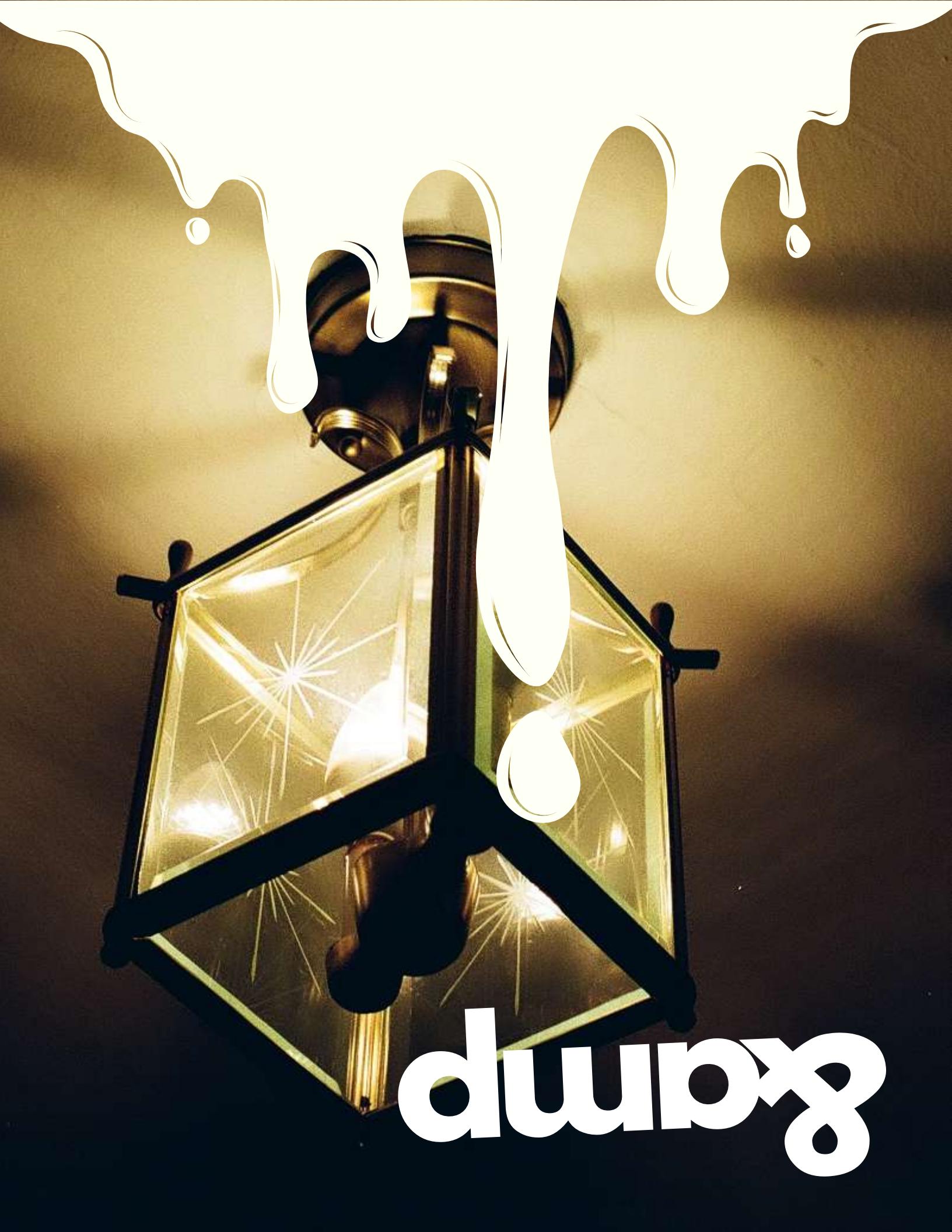
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